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THE FUTURE OF THE LEAGUE

I.—*Idealism or Reality?*

BY E. H. CARR

BY the time this article appears in print, the Seventeenth Assembly of the League of Nations will be in full swing, and the makers of *clichés* will have done their worst. We shall have talked of our "common interest in the organization of peace." We shall have re-affirmed our "scrupulous respect for treaty obligations" and our "unwavering fidelity to the ideals enshrined in the Covenant." These sentiments apart, there will have been a certain lack of precision. We shall have been rather more cautious than usual in our pronouncements; for last year some of us inadvertently said more than we meant, and our bluff was called. That—everyone will have agreed—must not happen again.

In the July resolution of the Assembly, which so neatly wiped Abyssinia off the map without mentioning her name, members of the League were invited to submit, before the September session, their views on the question how the League might be "improved." The last word conceals a stubborn controversy. One party had wanted to ask for views on the question how to "strengthen" the League, another on how to "reform" it. The reformers objected to a phrase which might have implied that sanctions ought to be strengthened. The strengtheners objected to a phrase which might have implied that sanctions ought to be reformed out of existence. In the end, everyone agreed neither to "strengthen" nor to "reform," but to "improve."

The invitation to submit suggestions for the improvement of the League has not, it would seem, evoked a very enthusiastic response. For the "strengtheners," France and the Soviet Union have sent in some meagre and rather tentative observa-

tions. For the " reformers," Switzerland has come out flat for the abolition of sanctions. She was acutely embarrassed by the decision of last autumn to apply economic sanctions to her southern neighbour, and would be still more acutely embarrassed by any future proposal to apply sanctions to her northern neighbour. Holland and Scandinavia have been rather more guarded in the same sense. There have been replies from the Baltic states, who want no change, and from a handful of South Americans, full of paper ingenuities ; and that, up to the time of writing, is about all. Great Britain has sent an intimation that she will state her opinions verbally through her chief delegate at the Assembly. Of the Dominions, only New Zealand, fresh with the enthusiasm of a newly-installed Labour Government, has broken silence.

It was Oliver Wendell Holmes who, in one of those once-famous " Breakfast Table " books, remarked that every conversation with John is complicated by the fact that three different Johns take part in it—John as he is, John as he appears to himself, and John as he appears to his interlocutor. Every discussion about the League is complicated by the fact that there are at least three Leagues, and that few orators, at Geneva or elsewhere, take the trouble to differentiate between them. There is the League as it appears to the Idealists ; there is the League as it appears to the French ; and there is the League as it will appear to the historian. In order to understand what lies beneath the conventional phrases and stereotyped formulæ which are, even now, being bandied about at Geneva, let us try to analyze these three Leagues and discover what they represent.

I will begin with the League of the Idealists, which I might almost have called " the League as it appears to the British," since it is this League which is by far the most familiar to the majority of people in this country.

The League of the Idealists is an organization which hopes to prevent war by turning sovereign states into good law-abiding members of the international community, who will respect their treaty obligations and settle their grievances and their disputes (as good private citizens do) by arbitration or by submission to the findings of a court. This is the League for which the Archbishop of Canterbury and the leaders of other religious

denominations offer public prayer, and for which the League of Nations Union conducts such devoted and effective propaganda throughout the country. This is the League envisaged by the "Next Five Years Group" who, under the leadership (in virtue of alphabetical precedence) of Lord Allen of Hurtwood and Sir Norman Angell, recently published a "Peace Plan" in *The Times*. It is not—the point is worth noticing—the League of the Covenant. The Covenant, a cautious and comparatively "realistic" document, takes no cognizance of the violation of treaties unless accompanied by a threat of war. It permits members of the League, in certain conditions which might quite easily arise, to wage war, and even aggressive war, against other members without incurring any penalty. It does not impose on members of the League any obligation in any event to apply military sanctions to evil-doers.

In short, while the Covenant is, in the ultimate analysis, a political treaty governed by considerations of expediency, the League of the Idealists is something more. It is a moral conception—a sort of international Magna Charta or Declaration of Rights. Its thesis is that the sovereign states of the world form a community recognizing certain moral obligations binding on all members of the community. The most important of these obligations are respect for treaties and the maintenance of peace. It is understood that, if any member of the community breaks the peace, the other members shall sit in judgment on him and secure the execution of their verdict by the use of force. The obligation to apply financial and economic measures of restraint will, in such cases, be universal. As a slight compromise with realism, it is generally conceded that states shall not be required to apply military sanctions outside their own continent (though one result of this concession is to leave the Chinese lamb unprotected against the Japanese wolf).

There is also another side to the picture. Most Idealists are agreed that a system which merely guaranteed the preservation of the *status quo* for all time would be both unworkable and unjust. Just as law would have no sanctity unless there were machinery at work for the unmaking and remaking of law, so there can be no sanctity of treaties without some effective and binding procedure for revising treaties. States with grievances

against existing treaties or existing territorial arrangements must therefore be entitled to bring their grievances before an international tribunal (either the Council of the League or some new Arbitral Board) for judgment; and the other states must agree to see that the verdicts of this tribunal are enforced. Thus the rights of sovereign states would be in future decided by what is called "third-party judgment." Nobody would need to go to war to maintain or to secure his rights (as determined by the verdict of his peers); and anyone resorting to war would find the rest of the world ready to fight against him.

I am far from suggesting that these implications are accepted by the vast majority of supporters of the League of Nations in Great Britain. Clear thinking is not on the whole a strong point of the Idealists. The list of intellectuals who subscribe to some such conception of the League as I have just tried to sketch is a formidable and impressive one. But recent experience suggests that they are rather in the position of generals without an army, or with an army which refuses to follow when they try to lead it into the logical consequences of its ideals. The League of the Idealists colours the whole of our thinking about international affairs in this country; and many speeches made in support of the League both here and at Geneva relate to this League and no other. Yet if ever such a League ceased to be a moral conception and became a living issue of practical politics, I wonder whether it would find more than a tiny handful of supporters.

Except for this uncertainty, I have only one criticism to make of the League of the Idealists. If we wish to construct, for purposes of moral edification, a League which never was on land or sea, a League which presupposes a radical transformation in the habits of man as a political animal, then why should we construct it on the basis of state sovereignty at all? If states will go so far as to accept the judgment of third parties on matters of vital national interest, is it not likely that they will go a little further and accept the enforcement of peace and justice, not by a combination of national forces, but by a supernational force? Such a plan has been advocated for some years past by the New Commonwealth Society, and is adopted by the New Zealand Government in its recent reply on the best means of improving

the League. It is discussed in detail in another article which follows, and I need say no more about it here. But I have always felt that if we wish to imagine a world order based on pure Idealism, we should seek it on these lines rather than on those of a League of Sovereign States.

Intertwined with the League as it appears to the Idealists is the League as it appears to the French; and this conception will be equally potent, or perhaps still more potent, in its influence on speech and action at Geneva.

The League as it appears to the French is not a moral conception, but a political instrument. It is not the embodiment of a new world order in which the ideals of peace and peaceful change will both find their place. It is a defensive alliance against Germany designed to perpetuate the territorial settlement of 1919. In French minds the League originally took shape as an alliance by the victorious Great Powers. "It is essential," said the French Delegate in the Commission of the Peace Conference which was charged with the drafting of the Covenant, "that the League be formed around these effective Powers, so that at its birth it shall carry with it the influence and prestige of the nations that conquered Germany." From that date to this, whenever the word "aggressor" has been pronounced at Geneva, the French Delegate has consciously or subconsciously translated "aggressor" into "Germany." It is almost impossible for the average Frenchman to imagine that an act of aggression committed by anyone but Germany or a friend of Germany can be of sufficient moment to call for League action. The League as it appears to the French is designed for collective defence against Germany and for nothing else.

The French were, however, intelligent enough from the outset to see that the League as it appeared to them had very little in common with the League as it appeared to the British, and that, if it were to become a serviceable instrument against Germany, it must somehow be adapted to British opinion. The most successful solution of this problem hitherto discovered must be put down to the credit of an officer of the French General Staff, Colonel Réquin, who invented the system of "regional pacts within the framework of the League." The system was first embodied in the so-called "Draft Treaty of Mutual Assist-

ance" of 1923, and had little immediate success. The treaty was badly received by everyone except by France and her allies. The Soviet Union, then a friend of Germany, was particularly scathing in its comments. "The Soviet Government fully realizes," wrote M. Chicherin, "that the conclusion of local agreements between certain States is inevitable in the present state of international relationships. It considers, however, that it is quite inadmissible that they should receive recognition from an international organization, or that they should be regarded as beneficial for the prevention of wars."

In Great Britain, the prejudice against regionalism was equally strong. Even Locarno was suspect in some quarters as a regional pact. "Nations A, B and C met apart," exclaimed Mr. Ramsay MacDonald in the House of Commons, "under no League supervision, and came to an agreement. Then, in order to prove that they were loyal members of the League of Nations, and wished to show homage to it, they handed over the agreement to them and asked them to be custodians of it. If that were pursued to any great extent, that would be the end of the League of Nations, because it was turning the League into a sort of foundling hospital."

It was ten years before Germany's gross blunder in leaving the League gave France the opportunity of securing widespread acceptance of her ideas. The events of 1933 caused both the Soviet Government and Mr. MacDonald to execute a right-about-turn. The Soviet Government entered with France into one of those local agreements whose title to be regarded as pacific it had so hotly contested; and the British Government of which Mr. MacDonald was the head went out of its way to welcome the foundling. So true is it that, in international affairs, high-sounding principles are often no more than the expression of a fleeting, and perhaps imaginary, national interest.

Other events lent a specious attraction to regionalism within the League. The impotence of the League in the Far East, and then in Africa, showed that the Great European Powers were unwilling to take effective action outside Europe. The waning optimism of supporters of the League buoyed itself up with the hope that the sanctions obligation, if it were made more precise and limited to Europe, might next time be honoured. Every-

thing else had gone wrong. In Europe, at any rate, the League had not failed (if one forgot the early and dubious Corfu episode); for it has never been seriously tested.

This turn of events suited France down to the ground. The French ideal of the League might at last be realized, with British approval, by the simple device of calling the defensive alliance of the victorious Powers a "regional pact for Europe." Yet it is to be observed that the French Government, when advocating the regional system in its recent reply to the League, adds that "by 'region' is meant 'any group of Powers whose union is based upon geographical situation *or upon a community of interests*'." Everything is thus provided for. If a non-European Power should be ready to come into the anti-German *bloc*, there is to be no nonsense about "geographical situation." "Community of interests" will do as well. There is something admirable about the tenacity and foresight with which the French have pursued, for seventeen years, their own conception of the League as a bulwark against Germany.

The League as it appears to the Idealists and the League as it appears to the French are the two Leagues which will perhaps be uppermost in the minds of delegates and orators at Geneva. But it will not be possible altogether to ignore the third League —the League of history, the League as it has actually functioned since 1920. Here, however, the difficulties of the analyst really begin. It is easy enough to say with reasonable accuracy what the League means to the Idealists and what it means to the French. But what the League has in fact been can be almost endlessly debated.

It is fair to take the League as it was in its best days—the days which ended in 1931. From that time, its growing impotence became clearly visible; and since the end of 1933, when Germany left and the Disarmament Conference collapsed, it has ceased to be a factor of primary importance in world affairs. It is important, in these hard times, to remember that Geneva ten years ago was not merely a rallying-point of prophets and Idealists, but the busy and effective centre of European political life. Reparations and the other disagreeable *débris* of Versailles, as well as war debts, were being cleared up elsewhere. But everything else that mattered in Europe revolved round the

League, and was debated before its Councils and its Assemblies. There are a few people, even outside Geneva, who still remember the great days ; and when such people are asked how to improve the League, they instinctively think of a return to this golden age of its history.

What then did the League mean at this period ? It meant, as somebody has neatly put it, " the maximum of international co-operation available at any given moment." The element of compulsion was absent. Article XVI of the Covenant with its sanctions provisions was a skeleton in the cupboard which was never mentioned in polite society. The effective instrument of co-operation was Article XI, which merely says that in case of war or threat of war the League shall " take any action that may be deemed wise and effectual to safeguard the peace of nations " ; and since the unanimity rule applies to Article XI, this meant that nothing could be done except by persuading the peace-breaker or potential peace-breaker that it ought to be done. Moral suasion was the only way of settling anything.

Above and beyond this, the League of the 'twenties meant virtual universality. Germany joined as soon as she was strong enough to resume an active role on the European stage. Soviet Russia, which remained outside, had still no more than a nuisance value in international affairs. The United States was far less aloof in practice than in theory. All would have been fair in the garden but for the muffled recriminations of Disarmament and its unheavenly twin Security, which gave an ugly reminder of troubles ahead.

For those, therefore, whose League is neither the League of the Idealists nor the League of the French, but the League as it was in its own best days, the prescription for improving the League will read as follows. Put Article XVI back into the cupboard from which it should never have been allowed to escape. Eschew regional pacts, and work for universality. Bring Germany, and eventually Japan, and some day perhaps the United States, into a consultative League which will once more depend not on force, but on moral suasion—the only instrument by which the League has in fact achieved success in the past. Something like that seems to be in the minds of Holland and the Scandinavian countries, who plead for more co-operation with

non-Member States and " are opposed to the idea of regional agreements relating to military sanctions." That is the third League which will play its part in the deliberations of the Seventeenth Assembly.

What then—to pass from analysis to speculation—will the Assembly make of these conflicting currents, and what sort of League is likely to emerge from it? It would be a mistake to expect any very dramatic developments. For it will be difficult to mingle these currents in a single stream; and with Germany still absent, and a conference of the " Locarno Powers " contemplated for October or November, there will be little chance this year of restoring the Assembly to its rightful place as the clearing-house of European politics. But at the risk of proving a false prophet, I will try to plot out some of the main lines of discussion.

In the first place, there is little likelihood of any formal amendment of the Covenant. To amend the Covenant is a complicated and laborious process; and experience has shown that all sorts of vested interests combine with mere dilatoriness and inertia to block the path. The Seventeenth Assembly is more likely to pass resolutions proclaiming how certain Articles of the Covenant should be interpreted or applied than to touch the sacred text itself. But one amendment there may conceivably be. The French Delegation are credited with the intention of proposing to exempt Article XI from the operation of the unanimity rule, so that decisions under that Article can be taken against the vote of the parties to a dispute. Such an amendment would certainly receive much support, and might even be carried without opposition.

On this point, I confess myself a heretic. It has always seemed to me the strength, not the weakness, of Article XI that the disputants know from the first that no measure of coercion is in question, and that they must be parties to any verdict which may be pronounced. I have serious doubts whether the Greek invaders could have been got out of Bulgaria with an apology and an indemnity in 1925, if the Council had not been under the necessity of bringing the Greek Delegate into line at every step of the way. I do not believe that the " state of war " between Lithuania and Poland could have been got rid of in 1927, if

Marshal Pilsudski and Professor Woldemaras had not come to the table of the Council with the knowledge that no decision could be taken to which they did not assent. I will not venture to assert that a solution of the Manchurian imbroglio could have been found if Article XI had been the only article of the Covenant governing disputes. But it cannot be denied that when the dispute was transferred to the ground of Article XV, under which the votes of the parties are not counted, matters went from bad to worse. I cannot believe that it is anything but a blunder to turn Article XI, which has sometimes succeeded, into a miniature replica of Articles XV and XVI, which have hitherto always led the League straight to disaster. I hope therefore that I am wrong in thinking that a change in Article XI, whether by formal amendment or by interpretative resolution, is a possibility of the present Assembly.

The next heading of discussion will be regional pacts; and here perhaps a distinction requires to be drawn. Regional pacts of the type of Locarno, to which all the potential disputants are parties, may be open to criticism from League purists; but these criticisms will be sustained by few practical statesmen. What the French and Soviet Governments now mean by regional pacts is, however, something quite different. The pacts based on "geographical situation" or "community of interest" are nothing but defensive alliances against Germany; and the pretence that Germany herself is welcome *ex post facto* to adhere to such pacts is a piece of camouflage which should deceive nobody. The British Government has not in the past always been quite honest in facing this fact.

But there is more dangerous camouflage than this in the scheme of regional pacts. The advocates of regionalism talk airily of a system of pacts covering the world at large. A glance will show that this supposition is arrant nonsense. An American Pact under League auspices, which neither the United States nor Canada will join, would be a piece of empty window-dressing. And what American State will guarantee the integrity of Nicaragua or Panama? An Asiatic Pact is an impossibility; for no Asiatic State will guarantee China. An African or an Australasian Pact has only to be mentioned to be dismissed. A League based on the regional principle is a League in which the non-European

members pay their subscriptions for the privilege of watching the Europeans disport themselves. A universal, not a regional, League is the only one in which the British Commonwealth of Nations can find accommodation to suit its peculiar needs.

But there is yet another layer of camouflage to be stripped from the dry bones of regionalism. Even if we confine ourselves to Europe, it is still misleading to speak of regional pacts in the plural. In reality, there is but one such pact—between Soviet Russia and France—carrying a baby pact, between Russia and Czechoslovakia, under its arm. If we leave out of account the chances of resuscitating Locarno, no other regional pacts exist or, on present prospects, seem likely to exist. A year ago there were possibilities of Franco-Italian and Central European Pacts : these have vanished today. There can be no Little Entente pact ; for the Little Entente is divided against itself. There can be no Mediterranean Pact ; for the cleft between Italy and Yugoslavia is wider than ever, and neither can secure sufficient allies to make a regional pact against the other. The seed of regionalism has fallen on stony ground.

What then is left ? All these brave words about regionalism boil down to one hard solid fact. The British Government is being begged to give its blessing, or better still to adhere, to the Franco-Soviet Pact ; and the promoters hope that, by dressing it up in the trappings of a fictitious world-wide regionalism, they may make this scheme look sufficiently like the League of the Idealists to win British support. I will not venture to predict what measure of success will attend this ingenious enterprise.

Lastly, I do not think that we can get away from a discussion about the improvement of the League without some mention of Article XIX of the Covenant, which allows the Assembly to " advise the reconsideration " of treaties and other conditions which are inimical to peace. The League of the Idealists would provide a regular tribunal for the judging of grievances, and presupposes a measure of compulsion to enforce the verdict. The more cautious Covenant provides, for the application of Article XIX as of Article XI, no method save that of moral suasion. But that is not the trouble. The trouble is that Article XIX, unlike Article XI, has never been tried at all. No country, except Bolivia, Peru and China—all in the comparatively early

days of the League—has ever dared to invoke Article XIX in the Assembly ; and all of them were so snubbed for their pains that their fellow-members were effectively dissuaded from any repetition of the experiment.

This has, I think, been one of the great calamities of the League. It is tragic, for anyone who believes in a League of Nations, to reflect how many grievances which should have been brought to the Assembly for discussion and settlement have been removed by unilateral action in defiance of treaties : Germany's re-armament, Poland's repudiation of the minorities treaty, Japan's case against China. Few people will feel that, in each and all of these cases, the complainants were entirely to blame for taking the law into their own hands ; for influential delegations at successive Assemblies had made it only too plain that they would put up a stubborn resistance to any attempt to make Article XIX work. There was every reason to suppose that an appeal to Article XIX would stand no chance of being considered on its merits.

It is time that this impression was removed. The British Delegation last year made a timid approach to a tiny fringe of the question when it proposed an enquiry into the distribution of raw materials. Such an enquiry, if it is pursued, may prove useful, but will not carry us far. This year, I hope that Mr. Eden will take courage and proclaim from the tribune of the Assembly that one essential way to improve the League is to make Article XIX a live option. It may be wise at the present juncture not to bring specific issues before the Assembly, though it would be easy enough to suggest them : this can on the whole best be left to the aggrieved Powers themselves. But it is, I think, important that one of the Great Powers who have hitherto played the biggest role at Geneva should make it clear that the League is designed neither to protect vested interests in the *status quo* nor to encourage captious complaints, but to provide a forum for the ventilation of those substantial grievances which, in the words of Article XIX, " might endanger the peace of the world." Such a pronouncement would in itself make the Seventeenth Assembly a landmark in the history of the League.

THE FUTURE OF THE LEAGUE

II.—*An International Force*

By Dr. L. P. Jacks

IN an important but bewildering volume which issues from Chatham House,* the League of Nations is regarded by most of the contributors, with a weighty minority against them, as primarily an institution for the prevention of war. Of all the noun-substantives employed in the course of these discussions "war" is the most frequently in use, though "the aggressor" runs it rather close. War, personified in the aggressor is obviously the villain, or devil, of the piece; all other objects aimed at being subordinate to the supreme necessity of putting him in chains, with a view to his ultimate annihilation. This, according to the majority, is the first business of the League and, until it is accomplished, all other business, such as Mr. H. G. Wells and the Rev. Henry Carter would set on foot, though conceivably more important in itself, must be held in abeyance.

But since the custodians of the peace (that is, the League) no less than the breaker of the peace, need to be checked in their backslidings and kept firm to their pledges in the matter of chaining the devil, the problem discussed inevitably tends to the form of devising means to protect the League from the delinquency of its own members—which delinquency may consist either (1) in breaking the pledge to abstain from aggression or (2) in breaking the pledge to oppose it. It is the latter form of delinquency which Sir Arthur Salter seems to have in mind when he insists that coercion of the aggressor must be certain and automatic, as it clearly would not be if the custodians of the peace were unfaithful to their pledges or lax in the interpretation of them. To some of the contributors, whom we shall presently name, the problem of protecting the League from the treachery of its own members appears quite insoluble, and they strongly

* The Future of the League of Nations: The Record of a Series of Discussions held at Chatham House. *Royal Institute of International Affairs.* 3*s.* 6*d.*

advise against making the attempt, using arguments which vividly recall those of Alexander Hamilton when, in 1787, he prevented the introduction into the American Constitution of a coercive clause identical in principle with Article XVI.*

The means proposed by the advocates of coercion for keeping everybody up to his pledges, the custodians of the peace as well as the breakers of it, consist in what Sir Norman Angell calls "pooling your powers." On the method of pooling your powers and the control of them when pooled, there is considerable difference of opinion, but on the general proposition that power must somehow be pooled, if collective security is to come into being, the majority seem agreed. Out of this there emerges the fluctuating image of a "collective preponderance of strength" which gradually becomes more articulate as an international force, or army, of such overwhelming magnitude and certainty in action that aggression and treachery would never dare to raise their heads. By means of this pooled power (always defined as *armed* power on the question being asked) the whole weight of the League would be ready to throw itself against the delinquent, the mere threat of it being probably enough to deter him. This would give us collective defence as desired by Sir Norman Angell. An attack upon one would be an attack upon all, and would be automatically checkmated in advance.

The conception is simple and attractive but, we venture to think, deceptively so. One naturally asks how a group of nations can collectively secure itself against the treachery of the individual nations composing it, in view of the fact that the group has no powers to draw upon for the purpose save those which the individual nations might be willing to furnish. The arrangement would only be workable, as Sir Arthur Salter evidently

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* The full list of the contributors to the discussion is: —Sir Norman Angell, Lord Arnold, Lt.-Col. Sir James Barrett, Rear-Admiral Roger Bellairs, Robert Bernays, M.P., the Hon. R. H. Brand, the Rev. Henry Carter, W. Horsfall Carter, Air-Commodore J. A. Chamier, Professor H. Noel Fieldhouse, G. M. Gathorne-Hardy, Lord Howard of Penrith, D. Graham Hutton, George C. de Janesz, Lord Lothian, R. W. S. Mackay, Professor David Mitrany, Harold Nicolson, M.P., Gerald Palmer, M.P., Lord Ponsonby, Sir Arthur Salter, Professor George Smith, Professor Arnold Toynbee, Professor C. K. Webster, H. G. Wells, Sir John Fischer Williams, Leonard S. Woolf, and R. C. M. Arnold (Secretary).

sees, if a clear distinction were drawn from the outset between members known to be loyal and those suspected of disloyalty, and assurance obtained that the former were collectively powerful enough to restrain the latter and inflexibly determined to do so —a distinction which would obviously disrupt the League in the bare act of making it. Otherwise the devil would not be chained but merely furnished with means for chaining himself, which he certainly shows no signs of being willing to do at the moment.

The conception of an international army, force, or pool of power is also very difficult to bring to a focus. Here again one cannot help asking whether an international army so powerful that other armies would never dare to challenge it, with its fighting activities permanently arrested at the stage of a threat, would be an army at all. It would furnish a queer occupation for warriors. Perhaps the difficulty is merely academic, but it would be wise to get the opinion of military experts before dismissing it as such. So far, the conception of a collective preponderance of strength, which plays such a prominent part in these discussions, has been handled chiefly by politicians, international lawyers and professors of political science. It stands in need of military criticism.

Taken one by one, the contributions to the volume lead to tolerably clear conclusions, but taken together they present a chaos of conflicting opinion, each going somewhere, the totality going nowhere—or rather everywhere, like the motor cars at Piccadilly Circus. However, by dint of steadily contemplating the turmoil, keeping attention fixed on the focus of the storm, and neglecting the many excursions into interesting side issues, one begins to discern a definite conflict between two currents, or between two groups. By the one group, in which Sir Norman Angell and Sir Arthur Salter are the chief exponents, collective security is regarded as impossible without a collective preponderance of armed strength at the disposal of international authority and charged with the duty of enforcing the peace. To the other group, in which Lord Lothian, Lord Ponsonby, Lord Arnold, and the Hon. R. H. Brand (no member spoke more directly to the point than he) take the lead, it seems equally self-evident that the attempt to coerce aggressors by throwing against them the armed strength of the League will not only

fail in its object but lead on to highly dangerous complications. Mr. H. G. Wells clearly belongs to this group, though he would not only have the League " demilitarized," but would detach it from the control of Foreign Office politicians, of whose capacity to rule the world he has a very low opinion.

Three military experts, a soldier, a sailor, and an airman, were present at the discussions, and it is much to be regretted that they did not express themselves more fully. Of the three, only Air-Commodore Chamier allows us to see clearly what he thinks about an international force. He thinks it would be unworkable in any form, and not least in the air form. He points out, what is so often overlooked by the lawyers, politicians, and professors, that a collective preponderance of strength, however great, would be quite ineffective unless it were equipped with strategic plans fully worked out in advance for acting promptly at all points where powerful aggression was likely to arise.

Centring round Air-Commodore Chamier's outstanding challenge, but in no wise answering it, we find a group of highly conflicting opinions. Professor Mitrany points out, very sensibly, we think, that an international force implies an international General Staff to direct its operations, and Mr. Graham Hutton takes up the parable a little later on, though it is not quite clear how far they approve of it. But Sir Norman Angell will have none of this. " Collective defence," says Sir Norman, " must not be against this state nor that state." This means that no strategic plans would be prepared in advance, their preparation being impossible without particular states in view. Preponderant force would be somewhere in existence ready to be collected and mobilized as and when required, and Staff work would not begin till then. It would be " there " as Mr. Gathorne-Hardy says. But *where* ?

Sir Arthur Salter goes a little further in the same direction. He would not place the control of the international force in the hands of the League, the League in his view being incompetent to operate it—an opinion not likely to be contested. This can only mean, if we understand Sir Arthur aright, that the various units composing the force would remain distributed in the countries to which they severally belong and under the control of their respective War Departments, but ready to be mobilized

and collected at their rallying points on receipt of a summons from the central authority—much as the forces of the feudal barons were mobilized at the summons of their overlords. Criticism of this arrangement we must leave to the military expert. We can only say that if this is the best collective security can do for us, we, for our part, would feel considerably safer on the side of a powerful aggressor than on the side of the League, and would be prepared to bet 3 to 1 that the aggressor would get the best of it if the affair ever came to blows. Air-Commodore Chamier is apparently of the same mind (pp. 128-130).

In addition to those we have named various schemes or improvements of schemes for the reform of the League as a war preventing institution are brought forward by Mr. Gathorne-Hardy, Sir John Fischer Williams, and Mr. Harold Nicolson, all revealing great mechanical ingenuity in the inventors, but without much attention paid to the incalculable forces which have to work the machinery, while equally capable of wrecking it. All of them aim, more or less consciously, at some kind of infallible contrivance for chaining the war-devil with the automatic, or mechanical, certainty demanded by Sir Arthur Salter.

In all of them, moreover, we may detect a distinctly British outlook or point of view. Whatever scheme be adopted for putting a nation under discipline, all take it for granted that Great Britain will always be seated among the judges on the Bench, while some other nation (Germany ?) stands in the dock as the delinquent. None of them envisages the possibility, unlikely perhaps but not inconceivable, that Great Britain might one day find herself in the position, not of taking part in the collective coercion of others, but of having to submit to it herself. If all these schemes were reconsidered under the latter supposition their weak points would become sufficiently apparent to their respective authors and it would be unnecessary for the critic to point them out. Suppose, for example, that other nations were to become suspicious of British loyalty to the collective system, and set up among themselves a " gentlemen's agreement," of the type recommended by Sir Arthur Salter, for putting the British Empire under restraint. Should we take it lying down ? And why should Germany, Italy, or Japan be more submissive than we ? And another question : would not the

cause of peace be notably advanced if Great Britain, along with other nations similarly affected, would promptly abandon her airs of superiority, and join with the rest in a General Confession that in the matter of keeping their treaty obligations all are miserable sinners together in the sight of God? In what way could the Assembly of the League, with a betrayed Abyssinia and a broken Covenant on its conscience, be more fittingly opened? But that, no doubt, is too much to expect.

The coercionist argument, so prominent in these discussions, that international agreements are insecure without force in the background to ensure their fulfilment, has at first sight the air of being incontrovertible. In reality it is a bad example of circular reasoning. The employment of force, intended to protect agreements, *has itself to be made the subject of an agreement*, and this, of all agreements conceivable, is precisely the most precarious—as recent events have abundantly proved. An international compact is not made secure by inserting a coercive clause for enforcing its fulfilment any more than a sieve is made watertight by inserting another sieve inside it. In this case the inner sieve is more leaky than the outer. The coercive clause, far from strengthening the rest of the structure, is the weakest point of it, the point where the collapse of the whole is most likely to begin, and would be better described as a method of inviting default than as a method of preventing it. Lord Lothian, Lord Ponsonby, Lord Arnold, and Mr. R. H. Brand point this out quite clearly. It is to be hoped that their arguments made a deeper impression than the reported answers seem to indicate.

Our review of these discussions may be summed up in a remark we overheard the other day from one who has pondered these matters as deeply as most of us—"if you would stop war, stop trying to stop it." The reason is obvious. There is only one effective way of stopping war—by making war on the war-maker and beating him on the battlefield. And that clearly will not stop it. We are tempted to add a further comment. Stop *talking* about war and begin talking about something else—about those things, for example, which Mr. H. G. Wells and the Rev. Henry Carter have at heart. If we talk about war much longer we may talk it into existence.

SPAIN AND BRITISH POLICY

By F. A. Voigt

WHEN Spain ceased to be a great Power she became isolated, and European history, so long and so deeply affected by the religious and political aspirations of her rulers, went on without her. For years the country was torn by the bitter, bloody Carlist wars. But no one cared. The close resemblance between those wars and the civil war of today has been pointed out many times. Why does everyone care now ?

For the answer to this question we must look back a little. If the Great War had not come, German Imperialism would no doubt have resumed its effort to secure a foothold on the African shores of the Western Mediterranean. Italian nationalism, having united the Italian people, would have continued to inspire an imperialism that would not have remained satisfied with the Libyan desert, but would have been infected by the example of ancient Rome—even if the " Fasces " had not been adopted as a national symbol, and the blacksmith's son and Socialist agitator Mussolini had not concentrated all power in his own hands.

There is little new in the National Socialism of the Third Realm. It would be hard to find a single generalization in Hitler's *Mein Kampf* that is not discoverable in pre-war German and Austrian writings. It is an illusion to suppose that National Socialism and the " German revival " are the " product of Versailles," that they have been exclusively, or even largely, engendered by " the sense of injustice " aroused by that treaty.

Both before the war and for fifteen years after the war German nationalism was challenged by Marxist socialism. In the end German nationalism triumphed over both schools of German Socialism, Social Democracy and Communism. But the result was not the extinction of Socialism, even if the Social Democratic and Communist organizations were destroyed. The result was

a fusion, correctly calling itself National Socialism. Without Marxism, National Socialism is inconceivable.

It is no accident that Russia, where the triumph of Marxism came first, and of nationalism by degrees later on, should resemble Germany in her political system. The systems that prevail in Germany and Russia are two divergent but fundamentally similar forms of National Socialism. The fusion of nationalism and socialism was not only preached by pre-war German writers—it was foreseen by the prophetic Nietzsche as a menace to the European unity which he as " a good European " proclaimed above everything else.

The Great War and the Treaty of Versailles interrupted the advance of German imperialism. That advance has now been resumed. The War, earth-shaking as it was, must, as it recedes into the past, be regarded less as transforming than as temporarily arresting and displacing the active and latent forces that determine European history.

Both Russia and Germany are revolutionary States. The doctrines that have made them so are older than the War. The foreign policy of Germany is that of an expanding revolutionary imperialism. Russia is not expansionist, for she already has at her disposal vast undeveloped areas within her own frontiers. That is the reason why the Soviet Union, although so closely resembling the Third Realm, is not so great a menace. Italy has a system closely resembling that of the other totalitarian States. It is in this that the disruption of European unity lies: there are two Europes—the Europe of the Soviet Union, of the Third Realm and of Fascist Italy on the one hand, and the Europe of the Western Powers on the other. This division goes deeper than anything that existed in the pre-war era, although the forces that have made it existed even then.

Modern scientific invention, having brought the nations closer together, has multiplied the points of contact and, therefore, of friction. Having lost its philosophical purpose, science has failed to counteract the mythological content that gives the systems prevailing in the " totalitarian States " the character of secular religions, endowing them with a peculiarly fervent militancy. Science has, at the same time, supplied them both with a technique that has made them efficient, and with an

" ideology " that clothes the mythical and irrational content in an almost impenetrable pseudo-nationalist armour.

The war, which is latent in Europe, has a constant tendency to become a Holy War. All Powers that have undergone the fusion of nationalism and socialism are endeavouring, whether consciously or not, to impose a Holy War upon the non-totalitarian or democratic Powers. And the greatest of these, France, the British Commonwealth, and the United States, refuse to accept the Holy War. That they are right in rejecting this conception now is hardly open to any doubt. The two Great Powers of Western Europe, France and England, are again closely joined in presence of the German danger.

Spain, apparently so remote and, until now, so isolated, has become a scene on which the forces dividing Europe are performing a kind of shadow-play. To prevent the shadows from taking concrete form is the essential purpose of the London " Committee for Non-Intervention." We shall return to this Committee later on. Before doing so, let us examine the play itself and the forces behind it a little more closely.

Why are the Spanish rebels receiving German and Italian help ? Germany has, through her diplomatic and consular representatives and through the Spanish branches of the National Socialist Party, been striving to gain a commercial and political ascendancy in Spain. The propaganda and the secret activities of National Socialists abroad are closely analogous to those of the Comintern, only much more formidable because the revolutionary impetus of the Comintern is almost spent, while that of National Socialism is still in its beginnings and behind it there is incomparably greater power and wealth than Russia can dispose of. National Socialism serves an imperialistic expansionist end, while the Comintern is everywhere on the defensive. The Spanish Republic, with its French affiliations, and with the ideals it endeavoured to hold in common with Western Europe, was unfavourable ground for National Socialist propaganda, even if there was no reason why the Republic should not respond to the commercial advantages which intercourse with the Third Realm might offer. The Republic necessarily had a bias against the Third Realm, but not necessarily one which would impose a strain upon relations between Madrid and Berlin.

When the present Spanish rebellion began, a new opportunity presented itself. Here was a cause which the Third Realm would support even if no concrete advantage were to be gained—here was a remote, subsidiary, but nevertheless sympathetic action within the framework of the general Holy War. The Spanish rebels are not, strictly speaking, Fascists, but they are certainly pro-Fascist, and if they are victorious in a *politiçal* as well as in a military sense they will tend to conform with Fascist models and will continue to regard Germany and Italy as friends and helpers.

Whether the rebels have made any definite promises to Germany in return for her help, whether they have, as alleged, offered her the lease of one of the Balearic islands or of a Balearic port, is not certain.

Help given to the rebels also means co-operation with them. It means a foothold in their midst and an ascendancy in their counsels. It may also mean concrete advantages promised by them in return for the battle-planes, arms and ammunition that push them on towards victory. It means that Germany will count in the new Spain, if the rebels win, as she did not count in the old. It may even mean that she will secure the commercial and political influence that England and France have had hitherto. It may, if the rebels win, be possible for the Third Realm to resume the German Moroccan policy that received a temporary check in the Agadir crisis.

It may or may not be true that the rebels have promised to cede Ceuta to Italy. But that Italy will have a greater influence in a Spain that has emerged victorious with her help, seems sufficiently evident.

Italy is seen, rather suddenly, to be a great naval power. The Abyssinian war was not a real test of her military strength, for it was an engineers' rather than a soldiers' war (though engineering is an important part of soldiering). Whether the Fascist dictatorship has improved the fighting quality of the Italian army is still an open question, for the question was not answered by the Abyssinian war. But that the Italian navy, although not put to any conclusive test as yet, is something to be reckoned with was demonstrated by the fact that the greatest naval power in the world abandoned an entire policy—the policy of sanctions

—through fear lest an engagement in the Mediterranean might result in heavy losses at a time when growing insecurity in the North Sea made it necessary to avoid losses of any kind. Italy has not become a greater Power by reason of her Abyssinian victory. Perhaps she is even weaker than she was before. But the speed with which she finished her campaign and her successful defiance of more than fifty Powers, including two great naval Powers, have drastically emphasized the fact that she has to be reckoned with.

It may be doubted whether Italian aspirations to the heritage of ancient Rome are very serious. It may also be doubted whether her association with Germany can have any permanence. She has every reason to fear Germany. Once Germany is in possession of Austria, German influence, already strong, will be powerfully reinforced throughout Central Europe and the Balkans. Not only will Italy be excluded from these regions, but Germany will endeavour to establish herself in Trieste. Perhaps it is not inconceivable that Italy may so overrate her own strength that she will attempt some partnership with Germany in Central Europe and the Balkans, but it does not seem likely. In any case she can hardly look upon a German ascendancy in those regions and on the Adriatic coast with any favour. On the whole it would seem that Italy's vital interest is in the maintenance of the Mediterranean *status quo*. This interest she can secure by arrangement with France and England, for it is in their interest, too : they must maintain an overwhelming naval preponderance in the North Sea and the Channel—to maintain a similar preponderance in the Mediterranean (as they would have to do if Italy remains hostile) would mean a naval rearmament far greater than they could achieve without heavy sacrifice.

For the time being Italy is going as far as she can safely go in strengthening her strategic position in the Mediterranean. Her partisanship in favour of the Spanish rebels is, therefore, understandable. And it is strengthened—as is Germany's—by the fact that she can regard their cause as a sacred cause.

It would seem that the civil war is still in its beginnings. There is no telling who will win, all the more so as the decision cannot be made in the battlefields alone. It is evident that German and Italian help has done much to promote the success

of the rebels. It is even conceivable that without this help they would have been defeated by now.

France, having Spain for a neighbour and being herself a Western Mediterranean Power, has a greater national interest in the civil war than Germany or even Italy. It is in the interest of France that Spain be either a friendly power or so weak and isolated that her enmity does not matter. The Pyrenean frontier is unfortified. France has two fortified frontiers, the German and the Italian. It would mean a serious weakening of her national defences if she had to fortify a third. She is bound to fear a hostile Spain. The rebel cause is one which cannot but be antipathetic to the French Government, seeing that the "Front Populaire," which is the main support of that Government, is on terms of friendship with the Spanish "Frente Popular."

There is, perhaps, no decisive reason why the British Government should sympathize with the ideals of either Spanish faction, but the existence of a hostile Spain is incompatible with British interests in the Western Mediterranean. It is not certain that a pro-German, pro-Italian Spain would be anti-British, but it might easily become so under Italian or German influence.

Why then did not France and England support the lawful Spanish Government when the civil war began and so ensure the victorious emergence of a pro-French and pro-British Spain? Would it not have been in the interests of both Powers to intervene instead of promoting all-round "non-intervention" that will not prevent German and Italian aid from continuing to reach the rebels (or French aid from reaching the forces that support the Government) even if aid does assume discreeter forms? Was there not the strongest possible case for Anglo-French intervention? A case for it, certainly, though not the strongest. But a case against it also.

The case for it is contained in what we have already said. The case against it has been found decisive both in London and in Paris, although in Paris ardent sympathies as well as national interests are involved. The Blum Government there had to overcome a very real temptation to give the Spanish Government such help as would make their victory certain.

The arguments for intervention are plausible enough, but

they have certain weaknesses. In the first place, no one can tell what kind of Spain is going to emerge from the war. We do not know how long the war will last—it may go on for weeks, for months or for years (the Carlist wars, which were very similar to the present conflict, went on for years). Even if we were sure that the rebels were going to win in the field, we should not in the least know whether they would be able to hold the Spain they had conquered. We do not even know whether it will be possible for either faction, even if completely victorious, to impose its will on the Spanish people and to preserve the unity of Spain. One thing is sufficiently certain—that a victory of the rebels in the field would not leave their present leaders in permanent control of Spain. The regime that would follow would no doubt be one of the Right, and clerical influence would be strong, but beyond this, it is impossible to foresee its character. It would probably have no permanence. It might be very amenable to the influence of an England that had refrained from partisanship during the war, and it might not be hostile to France (besides, do we know what kind of a France will prevail during the next few years ?).

Let us suppose that help had been freely given to the Spanish Government by Great Britain as well as by France. Should we not then see German and Italian aeroplanes fighting with French and British aeroplanes over Spanish soil ? Amongst the prisoners captured—and possibly executed—by either side there might be Italians, Germans, Frenchmen and even Englishmen. The European Powers would take sides with growing fervour, an intense rivalry would be engendered amongst them. The Spanish conflict might spread beyond the shores and frontiers of Spain and become a general European conflict. And in France and England, where public opinion is divided in its sympathies, there would be immediate domestic tension, as there is not in Germany and Italy, where all the open sympathies that are allowed are wholly on the side of the rebels.

Germany would have succeeded in imposing her conception of the Holy War on Europe, although this conception is neither compatible with the realities of the European situation nor with the national interests of France and England.

But can " non-intervention " be made a reality ? The

answer is " Yes " and " No." " No " because (if appearances are not deceptive) the rebels will continue to receive clandestine German and Italian aid while the Spanish Government will hardly remain without French support. " Yes " because the aid given to either faction may be kept within discreet limits so that a conflict between the European Powers on Spanish soil will be averted and the European shadow-play will not become a genuine clash amongst the Powers. The London Committee is not so much concerned with securing equality of treatment as between the warring factions, or with the impossible task (impossible because several Powers on the Committee have no desire to make it possible) of stopping even smuggled supplies of arms and ammunition from reaching Spain. The essential purpose of the Committee is to avert a European crisis, and in so far as it succeeds—and it may succeed, for it has already half succeeded—it is a reality. But the problem is not disposed of even by successful " non-intervention." The mere fact that Germany has intervened is a sign that the crisis is fundamental and general and can be averted only for the time being. This cannot be said with the same certainty of Italian intervention, for there is, as we have pointed out, the possibility of a Mediterranean arrangement between Italy and the Western Powers.

Germany's intervention is not only the first attempt to gain a foothold in Spain and in Northern Africa, but the renewal of her Moroccan policy and the beginning of an attempt to gain an influence throughout the Moslem world. All the verbal attacks made on Russia at the Nuremberg Congress cannot conceal the fact that Germany regards Great Britain as her ultimate rival and opponent. The interest taken in the British Commonwealth by German students of foreign affairs is intense. Speculation about the weaknesses of the Commonwealth and the chances of its rapid decline goes on in Germany now, as before the war, and with an intensity undreamt of in England. German intervention in Spain is intervention in the Western Mediterranean and in Northern Africa—and, therefore, in a last analysis, against the British Commonwealth.

We have pointed out the uncertainty that would follow even the certain victory of the rebels. But that the victory may

fulfil German expectations is conceivable, and it may be that "non-intervention" on the part of France and Great Britain now means no more than the postponement of an intervention they may find very difficult and dangerous some day.

But the decision not to precipitate a general crisis now and not to accept the challenge of the Holy War (or any other challenge that is not a direct menace to vital interests), is in full keeping with the policy that would mediate whenever possible, that would evade every decision that is not imposed by an absolute necessity, that would avoid every conflict or entanglement while unobtrusively building up the armed strength that may not be able to preserve peace throughout the world but can at least keep war at arm's length, and ward off every direct menace to the security of the Commonwealth.

THE CIVIL WAR AND AFTER

By William C. Atkinson

SPAIN lies between the devil and the deep sea, and those of her well-wishers who know her best find most difficulty in out-and-out partisanship. The unfathomable potentialities of the Frente Popular cast the Left for the deep sea. The Right, with its ecclesiastical associations, seems equally clearly cast for the devil; but one need not be the devil's advocate to point out that the "rebels" in the present issue have a case, and some appreciation of that case is an essential preliminary to any intelligent estimate of what a final victory of the Right would mean.

Of the medley composing the Popular Front at the elections in February last, Left Socialists, Communists, Syndicalists and Anarchists only co-operated with the avowed intention of destroying the social fabric from within instead of from without, and of refusing all share in government; thus the Right was more loyal to the Republic than the Left. The poll on that occasion invited analysis. Moderate centre opinion had all but vanished: it secured 4 per cent. of the votes. The Popular Front polled 47 per cent., the Right block 49 per cent. An intricate electoral system gave the Left the victory in the Cortes, but the statistical fact remains: on a counting of heads it represented minority interests, and close on half its members stood unashamedly for violence.

The fact disposes of the theory of one more military *pronunciamiento*, lacking popular support and fighting only for the privileges of a caste. It may well be right that tradition and privilege should go, but by constitutional means, if the title of democratic Republic is to remain; and law and order, even to English Liberal sentiment, still lie at the basis of social progress. The Republic has not only failed to protect law and order in Spain: it is now in the hands of elements openly

subversive of it, who identify it with social injustice. The answer to this is, of course, that the Right understands law and order as applicable to all, the Left social justice as applicable only to themselves. " Live and let live " is not yet a criminal sentiment, and the majority who still profess it in Spain are none the less Spaniards on that account. In the eyes of the Right it is not they, but the Left, who are fighting for the privileges of a class, with a strange readiness to work the ruin of their country in the process.

Even could they concede the constitutional claim of the Popular Front to dictate the future of the nation, the Right would still believe itself fortified by the consideration that politics is an art of adaptation to circumstance. The imperfect policy that works is better than the ideal one that doesn't. The Left, say their opponents, are heading deliberately for chaos, and out of chaos nothing good can come ; witness the First Republic of 1873-74. The Right, retort their enemies, have no solution save arbitrary force, and that solves nothing ; witness the First Dictatorship of 1923-30. Yet seven years is a long duration for Spain. The previous twenty-one years had seen thirty-three ministries.

Bitter enemies of the Dictatorship are compelled to grant it a good record in material reforms—" the economic policy of the Directorate has been its strong point," said Salvador de Madariaga in *Spain*, written in 1930—but find satisfaction in the accusation of failure in all that concerns the intellectual and spiritual life of the nation. Now the farther Left one goes in politics the more are intellectual and spiritual issues condemned as bourgeois attributes. In so far as the Left has a programme it is one of social reforms only, and social reforms if they are to prove lasting must have their bedrock on economics. The Right can therefore meet it on its own ground, and can quote solid achievement over a lengthy period which, for all its censorship of ideas, saw life and individual freedom respected as neither preceding nor succeeding regimes have seen it. The strength of the Left is that of the untried hope.

The Dictatorship fell, on grounds, said its critics, of incompatibility with Spanish national character—that rugged individualism that refuses to merge itself even in the national

good. But the instructive consideration is this, that when the mists of change had cleared away it was seen that nothing of the Dictatorship had survived into the Republic save precisely the dictatorial spirit. Press censorship, the persecution of minorities, the suppression of constitutional guarantees, the invocation of force, these now became commonplaces, while the cause of law and order steadily deteriorated. If monarchy, dictatorship, republic, are all tarred with the same brush, will Socialism or Communism be immune? "The Spaniards cry when they have their faces washed," said Charles III, one of Spain's better kings, and it would seem that still one must do good by imposition. To despair of a nation ever changing is defeatism, to assume that it has changed in the total absence of evidence, or that it can be changed by violence, is apt to be suicidal. The ostrich is no model for the political reformer.

Were constructive policies equal, therefore, certain probabilities might seem to favour the Right. The tentative programme announced so far by the insurgents is unfortunately almost wholly negative. It postulates a military dictatorship advised by a political council, and for the rest foretells the suppression of Parliament, of all Syndicalist and Communist organizations and their press and possibly of the trade unions, with the prohibition of strikes and the repeal of the agrarian reform programme, of all confiscation of property, of all such legislation as gives "unjust rights" to the masses and of certain disabilities recently enacted against the clergy. In its negations it makes dispiriting reading, it is so true to type—the Spanish, not the Fascist, type. With the appropriate changes it might equally serve as a Left manifesto. There is evidence of concern for the privileged classes; there is none of concern for the other classes and none of the possession of solutions for economic and social discontents.

On the positive side one can only advance two assumptions: one, that social order would be a first charge on the regime, and the other, that in the measure in which it pins its faith to order a regime will base its creed on technical efficiency. The lack of this has always been the standing indictment against Spain, as the lack of capacity for social co-operation has been the standing indictment against the Spaniard. The inculcation

of the latter may not come for centuries, and in its absence there is no other way for ordered progress to materialize save as an imposition from above ; the invocation of technical efficiency is a matter of resolve on the part of authority, and is the more easily realized the fewer delegations that authority suffers. It is, in fact, the strong point of dictatorships, and was Primo de Rivera's epitaph. It has not been the Republic's. That at this date engineers in Madrid can drive a tunnel for an underground railway from two ends, miss in the middle by yards, and leave the project derelict, is to the Spaniard merely a mishap that wins his ready sympathy, but it is symptomatic.

Intelligent dictatorships in fact derive their chance of survival largely from the Marxian interpretation of history. It is to their own interest to order the means of production and shape economic processes in the best interests of the workers ; and, unlike the workers, they command both the power and the expert knowledge to do so. Hence the seeming paradox that a Communist revolution must lead in the end to a dictatorship as absolute as any of the Right, with the handicap that it will always be a long way behind in technical competence. The Left in Spain would bring prosperity to the peasants by putting them in possession of the land and leaving them to await the millenium. Primo de Rivera realized that prosperity, though it may include possession, hinges on very different factors, on education in agricultural methods, on large-scale irrigation, on facilities for credit, on the development of communications and markets. The Right, unshackled by near-sighted dogma and the clamour of the pack for social revolution, is in the better position to see things in the round—provided always that it has the intelligence and can learn by experience. Therein lies the rub. If not, there will again be the devil to pay.

Now for the deep sea. Its case is known and commands full appreciation. The Right, as seen by the workers, has had centuries of opportunity and shown complete incapacity to learn from experience. It can proclaim nothing more constructive now, in the event of victory, than a return to the *status quo* of 1923, to a State run for Army, Church and property-owners, a feudal Spain battening on its serfs. The standard of living of the worker is often primitive beyond description, his economic

security nil. The charity of the Church has become an insult, a distant parody of his minimum social rights. The foreigner thinks of Spain largely in terms of her cathedrals. The Spanish worker thinks of the cathedral in terms of the slums it overshadows, as a symbol of obscurantism and oppression. Parliamentary reform is ineffective. What vested interests do not block bureaucratic inefficiency dissipates.

Yet Spain in its natural resources should be a rich country. Food and the decencies, if not the amenities, ought to exist for all, and life for the humblest should have some dignity and meaning. It is impossible to deny any of this, impossible for any who know Spain, whatever their politics at home, to withhold the fullest sympathy from the Spanish working classes in their despairing struggle for social betterment. The rub here is their capacity to achieve it. What is the likelihood of a conglomerate of Republicans, Socialists, Communists, Syndicalists and Anarchists merging their creeds in a single coherent policy and maintaining in the country the social stability necessary to its achievement ?

Differences are much greater than among their opponents. Dictatorship, monarchism, republicanism, represented by the three military leaders, may conceivably make their bed together and lie down in peace. In the three recent incarnations of these creeds in Spain names have changed more than fundamentals. But the Left parties have been at open war with one another for years, the Socialist U.G.T. and the Syndicalist C.N.T. in particular stopping at nothing in their efforts each to oust the other from the leadership of the masses. And the groups within groups are legion. There are Centre Republicans and Left Republicans, evolutionary Socialists and revolutionary Socialists, Left Communists and Outside Left Communists ; and the uneasy alliance that brings them all, from Anarchist to Liberal, under one very blurred banner has inspired no illusions of survival if pressure from the enemy were to disappear. The Front Populaire in France is an unnecessary warning of instability in store. Barcelona, once safe from the insurgent menace, was immediately full of the bitterness of its own dissensions.

Curious consequences have arisen from the pact. Anarchists

and Syndicalists, vowed to destruction of the State, find their support become a corner-stone of the regime and themselves thus held responsible for good behaviour within it. The Stalinists in their eagerness to make headway have almost achieved respectability: a Communist has been appointed Minister of Public Instruction (and the Fine Arts). They, too, must regret the limelight. It was the earlier refusal of office that gave the Radical Left its real power with the workers, for the Republicans who assumed command in February last made the fatal mistake, that almost classes them with the Right, of believing politics to be a watertight compartment. They thus left their political allies a free hand with the *sindicatos* or labour unions, while they got on with the job, as they thought, of government. By now, it may be asserted, they have imbibed a first lesson in practical Marxism.

In the main the Popular Front has brought discredit all round. It has damned the moderate Left in the eyes of the moderate Right, and, by reducing them to impotence, in their own. The former have been driven well on the way to Fascism, and the one desideratum above all others of Spanish politics, a strong body of centre opinion, has definitely vanished. It has made the Left a considerable present of Socialist legislation for which no thanks have been returned, since it is a challenge to their belief in the futility of legislation, and has yet remained bound, in respect of the Republican element that held the reins of government, to the present structure of society. And incidentally it has destroyed the democratic Republic. It would be a most admirable whipping-boy were not everybody involved.

Ruling out Republicans and evolutionary Socialists, whose counsels no longer prevail, two main schools of thought may be discerned. The militant Socialists would overthrow the present milk-and-water Republic in favour of a centralized, socialized, all-powerful State. With them for the moment are the Communists, ready to attach themselves to the most constructive policy going. Anarchists and Syndicalists are together in rejecting Marxism and in their faith in violence as a panacea. In subsequent purpose they part company. Syndicalism aims at the control of industry by the producers through the trade syndicates, and holds that that suffices. Anarchism aims at

nothing beyond the destruction of authority; it "kills without hatred," but it kills. These are the idealists, the Quixotes of modern Spain. Holding to individual freedom above all things, they have a touching belief in the innate goodness of man that is at bottom deeply religious, just as their professed Micawberism against the day when authority shall have been destroyed is religious. At their national congress in Saragossa in May last many Anarchists, having reaffirmed their postulate of the non-existence of God, proceeded to the Cathedral to pay reverence at the shrine of the famous Virgin of the Pillar. The Socialist, by contrast, is Sancho Panza, who used the eyes in his head and realized that "every man is as God made him, and sometimes worse."

It becomes evident, therefore, that the Left as theorists of government are split beyond hope of reconciliation on the basic principle of authority. To the one the individual is imperfect, in need of discipline, and in the last resort subservient to the State. To the other the individual is divine, and hands off. The Socialist in practice could more readily collaborate with the Fascist than with the Nihilist.

There are other corollaries of practical interest. One is the coincidence of their respective spheres of influence with regions of divergent historic temperament. Socialism has its headquarters in Madrid, its sway in the Castiles, that have always bred individualism against a background of authority on the main issues: God and king in the sixteenth century, the State in the twentieth. Anarcho-Syndicalism has its headquarters in Barcelona, its sway throughout Catalonia and Andalusia. In the former, resistance to centralising authority has its roots so far back in history that it has become woven into the popular consciousness; in the latter centuries of Moslem sway have fostered a temperamental disinclination to civic responsibilities that under the grinding poverty of Spanish agriculture today plays straight into the hands of the apostle of violence. Akin to this is the consideration that Socialism has no place for regional aspirations, while Anarcho-Syndicalism, though restive under even local authority, has often allied itself with regionalism as a factor in disintegration.

Since both preach accession by violence, both are well armed,

and neither creed admits of compromise, the issue might well be settled by another appeal to arms. (The U.G.T. claims some 1,500,000 members, the C.N.T. some 600,000.) Survival as political systems would seem to depend on the consideration that whereas Socialism can offer a theory of the State embracing the whole community, Anarcho-Syndicalism can only deal with its class-enemies by elimination. These might well number, with the workers who preferred the U.G.T., the vast majority of the population, at least some of whom would protest against being killed, even without hatred. In a trial of strength the Socialists might therefore be counted on to win.

One contingency has to be borne in mind whatever the outcome of the present civil war: the possibility of a definite secession by force of Catalonia from the rest of Spain. To this main chance Barcelona is ever alert. The writ of Madrid has run very doubtfully in Catalonia ever since July 19th last. The Right might win the whole of Spain besides and be powerless to reconquer the north-east, where all resistance would naturally converge; and the Left might win only to reveal the Socialists caught in the same dilemma.

Grant, however, a Left victory and "Socialism in our time" the order of the day. The magnitude of the problems that would immediately confront it is obvious. A Socialist-Communist State can no more tolerate privilege than the Right can acquiesce in its extinction. A first concern, born anew of recent experience, would therefore be to draw the fangs of the Army and to strip the Church of wealth and position. This, however, has already been tried under the Republic. The result was the discovery, first, that to persecute and impoverish the Church was but to enhance its prestige, for a Church independent of the State is far more powerful in opposition than a Church identified with it, and the dictum that Spain is no longer a Catholic country is just as true, *pace* Señor Azaña, as that of Louis XIV about the continued existence of the Pyrenees. And, second, that under no regime, not even a Republic professing peace and good will among men on the basis of a doubled police force, can Spain dispense with its Army. As a rebel the Spaniard hates it, unless he has the good fortune to have it on his side; but once in power, having duly purged it, he sets about strengthening it

against his own hour of need. Spain, in a word, is a country whose social system cries aloud for overhaul by revolution, but in which the strength of tradition can generally be relied on to bring revolutionary tactics to nought. The resemblances with Tsarist Russia are great ; so are the disparities.

A Socialist-Communist State, whatever its support from the proletariat, would thus have to fight the forces of the Centre, the Right, the extreme Left, and of separatism—since 1931 one of the liveliest issues in the country—while unable to rely on its own armed forces. It would further have to fight the consequences of its own propaganda and of the rash undertakings given to the workers in recent months. The capitalist has been a useful scapegoat to the Left, how useful they will only realize when they have abolished him. They have exploited and victimised him by decree until many, compelled to employ twice the number of men, at double the wage, their undertakings could carry, have thrown up the sponge and let undertaking and consequences recoil on the Government. As a means to the socialisation of industry this is a facile victory ; it remains to settle accounts, on an empty exchequer, with the workers. In matters of economics the Spanish Socialist may indeed seem to the purist as a babe-in-arms. Here, if here only, he joins hands with the Anarchist.

And there still remains to assail the Socialist-Communist State that same bedrock characteristic of the Spaniard everywhere on which most projects of reform founder sooner or later. Individualism into Communism won't go. The Catalan Communist was speaking for his countrymen at large who said, " With what I get on the day all wealth is distributed equally, plus the house I have in the country, I shall be quite well off." Much of the Left support in Catalonia comes from the small peasant-farmers, but it is given against the enemy *qua* centralisation from Madrid, not *qua* capitalism. So the Basque Nationalists have been found in the Government ranks in the defence of San Sebastian ; but when the extremists would burn the city they were prepared to forget the civil war and fight a civic one in the name of property.

The Spaniard lacks a number of gifts. The spirit of compromise is one, and it appears that nothing can be done about

it. The ability to merge individual in local, local in national, interests is another, and any political system that ignores this is up against a psychological brick wall. It seems that out of the civil war only a Socialist-Communist dictatorship or a military-Fascist dictatorship can result. The former, for the social good, implies the subjection of both individual and regional liberties. Translated into the language of the Right this means violence, if not chaos, plus a recrudescence of separatism. The latter will weigh equally heavily on regional aspirations but will respect individual initiative and achievement. Translated into the language of the Left this means the continued oppression of the working-classes, plus the same recrudescence of separatism. What can be forecast with certainty —and it is perhaps all—is that until a party arises that will put the conciliation of opponents on a par in its programme with the rewarding of supporters there will be no lasting social peace in Spain.

PONTIFFS OF THE THEATRE

By Sean O'Casey

The really dangerous people are the practitioners of the amusing trades of criticism, who can somehow or other persuade themselves that they are not ordinary rule-of-thumb workmen, but priests inspired direct from the oracle's mouth.—Ernest Newman in the *Fortnightly*.

IT seems a rather mean thing for Mr. Ernest Newman to give the game away like this, for Mr. Newman is such a first-class critic that he can easily afford to be candid. But what on earth will his colleagues in the dramatic wing of the Critics' Circle think of this disturbing humility—these high priests of good taste who dislike drama which has the heart-beat of life in it, and treat a play which has the sound of flutes as if it were a mendicant at a street corner begging a coin from cold pockets; who are always yelling or wistfully whispering for something new in the theatre, and when they get it, fail to try to understand it and pine away for such masterpieces as *Family Affairs* or *The Old Folks at Home*. Few of them, I dare say, ever read Newman, and the few who do will hastily shut their eyes, close their ears, and seal their lips tighter than ever Stanley Baldwin could against this low treason on the part of one of themselves.

Humility is not a strong suit in the cards the dramatic critics play. Just listen a second to the words of Mr. Agate, the dean of the English critics: "For his readers' sake the dramatic critic must have the arrogance to put himself in the position of the leading authority from which there can be no appeal. Confidence in the doctor [fancy bringing the doctor into the argument] is half the cure, and the reader of dramatic criticism must feel that his mentor is in no possible doubt whatever." Poor unhappy readers of the current dramatic criticism! These remarks are addressed by Mr. Agate to Mr. Ivor Brown in the Preface of *First Nights*, Mr. Agate having first smeared Mr. Brown with the honied remark that the world

and Mr. Agate rate Mr. Brown " with the giant critics of the past." These critics can be kind to one another.

But let the toast pass, and lift up the glass, and drink to this critical water and gas. This proclamation is pretty good going for a start. There ought to be no appeal from what Mr. Brown or Mr. Agate may say in relation to what happens in the theatre. This is a royal assumption greater than that made by a speaker in Hyde Park who told an audience that though he made no claim to infallibility, no statement of his had ever been challenged though he had been speaking for more than twenty-five years. And, indeed, the dramatic critics have gone on for years without being challenged, so that, because of the frozen silence around them, all they say flows free in the current of infallibility. They have devised a neat little law which says that no playwright can reply to a criticism made by a critic of the playwright's play, unless the critic " confutes himself, or, alternatively (as the lawyers say), the critic misrepresents the playwright."

Ernst Toller recently mentioned this " unwritten law " when he complained of a critic's misrepresentation of lines in his play, which was followed by several prominent persons upholding the complaint of the dramatist. The critic's pert response was simply that " he thought certain lines in the play were in bad taste, and said so." Since dramatic critics pose as possessing infallibility, I suppose it must be so. But here we have another claim, namely, that they are to be the unassailable judges of what is and what is not good taste. Not only judges, but infallible judges, for, we are told, there is an unwritten law that all they say must go, and no author has permission to contradict.

Well, let us see now : Mr. Agate, fighting some " highbrows " who laughed at *Cavalcade*, writes that " when pressed, these highbrows will maintain that cottage walls should be bare rather than hung with Friths or Landseers." It needs no pressure on any sensitive mind to declare that a bare cottage wall is more beautiful than one hung with Friths and Landseers. This is no judgment in the affairs of good taste, but simply a matter of fact which Mr. Agate, though he cover himself with infallibility as with a garment, is evidently unable to grasp. And what are we to think of G.W.B. as an authority (divesting him of his infallibility for a moment) on good taste in art ? Are he and his

Bruderschaft greater in these things than Ernst Toller? Neither Mr. Agate nor G.W.B. is anything of an artist or a poet; Toller is both, so we may reasonably claim that Toller as an artist (though these, unlike the critics, can often err) has a finer idea of what good taste may be than others who have little or nothing of the artist in them. Of course, Mr. Agate or G. W. B. are not to be blamed for this, nor is Toller to be praised—it is just the curious way of God with men.

Not since G. B. Shaw wrote his articles in the *Saturday Review* has anyone ventured to give a big boo to the critics, and it is time that someone stood out to tell them that they look very funny and a little ridiculous rigged up in the robe of infallibility. No bunch of human beings in the world shows the fallibility of infallibility better than do these dramatic critics. Their criticisms are a wailing wall of differing opinions.

Let us consider the qualities that, according to Mr. Agate, dramatic critics ought to have. Indeed, he implies that these qualities are possessed by the members of the Critics' Circle, and I am sure that he is correct in his surmise. All who are engaged in " the delicate profession of dramatic criticism " have, or ought to have, the qualities of " age, experience, education, culture, natural taste, or critical perception." Quite a nice little rosary of qualities hanging at the girdle of a dramatic critic, but no more than any cultured man may have, and none of them confers upon him who has them the right to make statements against which there can be no appeal.

He complains of young fellows sometimes attached to Sunday papers (though, I think, he writes for one himself) who never become members of the magic Circle, for " here today and gone tomorrow, they have never time to be." Well, if they go so quick as all that, they can do very little harm. But Mr. Agate thinks they can; for while they're here, says he, their employment is an affront to distinguished artists who must see many years' growth of talent and sometimes genius sacrificed to the ignorant caprices of these little boys. But let us ask the critic what power have little boys without experience, education, culture, or good taste, to sacrifice years of talent or genius, or to injure them in any permanent or important way? Perhaps even these little boys have been invested with the power of infallibility for a day

or two and so become dangerous. Or is this power strictly confined to the members of the Critics' Circle ?

And who are the " distinguished artists " ? From the way the paragraph is worded one cannot say whether the critic means an actor, a playwright, a producer, or only just a critic attached to the Critics' Circle. Where is the distinguished artist connected with the theatre of England today that one of these little boys has injured ? How can they, who are here today and gone tomorrow, do harm to others armed with many years' growth of talent, or who have become impregnable in the power of genius ?

Apropos of all this, Mr. Agate tells us a story : At the end of an act of a play " an unkempt child " came up to him, and asked the critic what he thought of the play. Mr. Agate patted his shoulder, congratulated him on his interest in the theatre, but added that " no member of the public should ever ask a critic for his opinion." Mr. A. fumbled for a shilling to give the lad, when another critic gave Mr. Agate a wink ; and as the two moved to the bar, the other critic whispered to Mr. Agate, " You put your foot in it that time, old man. That little boy is the dramatic critic of the *Sunday So-and-So*."

Now each must begin sometime and somewhere, though a question put to Mr. Agate was, evidently, a very bad beginning. Why does Mr. Agate make such suggestive use of the word " unkempt ? " Was it terrible to him that this lad was dressed in a lounge suit while he and Mr. Alan Parsons shone in evening-dress ? Has immaculate evening-dress anything to do with the immediate recognition of art in production, acting, or dramatic creation ? If criticism be, even indirectly, connected with clothes, may it not sometimes stray farther and, viewing the accessories of the stage, fail to see the core of art and passion that may be in a play ? Listen to what Bernard Shaw says : " The distinction that some of our critics make between the amateur and the expert is really a distinction between a rich enterprise and a poor one, and has nothing in the world to do with the distinction by the trained senses of the critic who recognizes art directly through his eyes and ears, and not by its business associations." This was written forty years ago, but it is as fresh as if it had come by the first post this morning.

Mr. Agate seems to be determined to keep the infallibility of the critics untouched by innuendo or argument, for he lashes out at those who ventured to breathe a word against *Cavalcade* in an article called " Swat That Wasp " which appears in his recent volume of republished criticisms. " There is a nest of wasps," he writes, " that must be smoked out because it is doing infinite harm to the theatre. It is a coterie of highbrows who run down everything that does not happen to live at the top of their particular street. According to these highbrows Drury Lane Theatre ought to be pulled down rather than that pieces like *Cavalcade* should succeed." Mr. Agate deplores this attitude of mind on the part of the highbrows because the success of *Cavalcade* " kept the film wolf from the door of our nearest approach to a National Theatre." Imagine a critic full of education, culture, good taste, and keen with critical perception, necessary for the delicate profession of dramatic criticism, telling us that Drury Lane Theatre is our " nearest approach to a National Theatre." Does it matter a tinker's curse if the film wolf howled all the night long in Drury Lane Theatre, seeing the sort of stuff that finds fat favour there ? And it would be better in the mind of those immersed in the better (much more the best) things of the drama that the theatre be pulled to pieces rather than that the theatre should go on doing things that have nothing to do with the art of the drama.

They entertain the masses, says Mr. Agate. Mighty fond of the masses, all of a sudden : masses and men and Mr. Agate. They please the masses, if you please, and, if you ask me, they please the critics too. After all, the plays given in the Old Vic please the masses, and they are a little different from the plays given in Drury Lane, our nearest approach to a National Theatre. Mr. Agate's dictum is really amazing. Let us not judge too hastily, but quietly test its infallibility. Let us look on the glory of the drama that is Drury Lane.

Here are a few of the things that have appeared in our nearest approach to a National Theatre : *Mother Goose*, *Cinderella*, *Rose Marie*, *Desert Song*, *Glamorous Night*, *Ball at the Savoy*, *Song of the Drum*, *Show Boat*, *Wild Violets*, *Razzle Dazzle*. Will any critic, or any poor plain man, with eyes to see and ears to hear, say in face of most, if not all, of these things played on

the stage of Drury Lane, that this theatre is our nearest (or farthest) approach to a National theatre? If there be such a critic or such a poor plain man, now is his time to speak. Will any critic or any poor plain man venture for a moment to say that such plays, produced by our nearest approach to a National Theatre, require for their consideration and review the delicate and great qualities of dramatic criticism, namely, education, culture, long experience, good taste, or critical perception? As a matter of fact—leaving out the Old Vic, Sadler's Wells, The Mercury Theatre, The Little, The Kingsway, Sir Barry Jackson's venture in Malvern, and Sydney Carroll's venture in Regent's Park—almost every other common commercial theatre comes nearer to the conception of what a National Theatre should be like than does the selection made so vehemently by Mr. Agate.

Here are some of the plays produced by the common commercial theatre in the years 1934 and 1935, according to Mr. Parker's *Who's Who in the Theatre:* Alhambra, *Merchant of Venice*, *Julius Cæsar*, *Henry V;* Ambassadors, *The Country Wife*, *The Rivals*, *Everyman;* Cambridge, *Man and Superman*, *Hansel and Gretel;* Duke of York's, *Ghosts;* Embassy, *The Duchess of Malfi;* Grafton, *John Gabriel Borkman;* New, *Noah*, *Romeo and Juliet*, *Hamlet;* Piccadilly, *All God's Chillun;* Phœnix, *As You Like It;* St. Martin's, *The White Devil.*

This list shows that a good many commercial theatres in London, so far as the production of fine plays is concerned, have a higher claim to be called our nearest approach to a National Theatre than the theatre in Drury Lane selected by Mr. Agate. No other critic that I know has ever challenged the statement I have quoted, made twice by Mr. Agate. They have kept silence, and that silence gives agreement. So I suppose we must assume that the London critics accept the building in Drury Lane as "our nearest approach to a National Theatre." There their theatrical temple is, and there we will leave them, prostrate and adoring before whatever gods there be in this great English temple of dramatic art.

THE TRAIL OF DR. SCHACHT

By George Glasgow

WHEN Dr. Schacht, the buoyant and resourceful President of the Reichsbank, arrived in Paris on August 25th, it looked as if he was so pleased with the trail he had left in South-East Europe that he had decided to attempt a further adventure in the West. But the two adventures were hardly comparable. The three days he spent in Paris did not, could not, achieve what had been achieved in Vienna, Belgrade, Athens, Sofia and Budapest.

In form he was paying a visit of courtesy to M. Labeyrie, Governor of the Bank of France. He conversed also with M. Blum and M. Delbos. It happened that on August 24th, the very day before Dr. Schacht reached Paris, Herr Hitler had issued his decree laconically doubling " the period of active compulsory service in the three branches of the armed forces " from one to two years. It was therefore part of Dr. Schacht's purpose in Paris to explain that Germany's increase in armed strength, though provided for in the original German scheme of rearmament, had been precipitated by Stalin's edict of August 11th which lowered the age for military service in Russia from twenty-one to nineteen. He had the further diplomatic object of trying to weaken the Franco-Soviet Pact by the argument that Moscow propaganda was one of the chief stumbling blocks to a Franco-German understanding. It is even probable that in that particular case he was more concerned with diplomatic than with economic and financial politics, though the two branches are often connected, especially when the practitioner happens to be Dr. Schacht. In the case, however, of his visits to Austria, Yugoslavia, Greece, Bulgaria and Hungary it is already clear that he had a pronounced economic effect which is bound to be felt by British trade, and which is also bound to have its indirect effect upon European high diplomacy. Indeed it is probably not

too much to say that the first big step in Germany's new *Drang nach Osten* has taken the form of an economic and financial penetration in the countries of South-East Europe on the skilful initiative of one of the world's most remarkable bankers.

Hjalmar Schacht is in the first instance a banker. But, whereas in the practice of, say, the big five London joint stock banks, the first duty of the banker is to be immovably old-fashioned and conservative and to run no risks with the accumulated millions of sterling he has to account for, the first duty of Dr. Schacht by contrast was not to conserve, but to create, as if by magic, the trust which it is the business of a bank to manage. An American banker once said to Dr. Schacht : " If you want to know what banking is you should come to New York, where we handle more millions than the rest of the world put together." The occasion happened to be just after the 1923 smash in Germany. Dr. Schacht answered : " Any fool could be a successful banker if he had more millions to handle than the rest of the world put together. If you want to know what banking is, come to Berlin where we have to bank on nothing."

That repartee was typical of Dr. Schacht in two senses. It typified his blunt humour. It typified his own irrepressible courage. He had no background as a banker. Yet to him fell the brunt of piloting Germany through the financial dangers that followed 1923. It was the historic German financial collapse of 1923 that first brought him into prominence. In July of that year the mark had suffered to such an extent that 1,783 printing presses were running in 133 factories, and some thirty paper mills were working day and night to keep pace with the meteoric descent of the paper value. In November, 1923, Dr. Schacht was made Imperial Currency Commissioner with the specific purpose of stemming the torrent of notes. He was not only an untried man. He had a way of saying what he thought with an almost brutal disregard of other people's feelings which galvanized the distrust and opposition of many of the regular, experienced bankers. Yet the Wilhelmstrasse and the Reichsbank together succeeded in appointing him also to the Presidency of the Bank.

It is necessary to recall these beginnings of his amazing career if one is to appreciate the continuity of what has led to his latest exploits in the Balkans. His achievement, as though it had been

planned in advance, passed through three distinct stages : first the rescue of Germany from the post-war financial collapse ; second the rescue of Germany from the unpractical, absurd and crushing weight of war reparation ; and third, wherein he passed from the negative to the positive stage of his work, the recapture of Germany's financial and economic activities abroad. Throughout his exploits he has shown an apparently almost careless audacity. Courage is perhaps not the right word. Can a man who is not even conscious of danger or difficulty be called courageous ? He just laughed his way through, quite obviously not caring what anybody at home or abroad thought of him.

In 1923 the situation in Germany was so bad that he could not have begun to tackle it unless he had been given the dual authority of Currency Commissioner and President of the Reichsbank. The mark had cut itself adrift from realistic values, so that the actual exchange figures were meaningless except as an indication of the general nightmare. The par exchange with sterling being twenty to the pound, the mark did actually touch 150,000,000,000 to the pound. That figure was quoted on the exchanges. What it meant in everyday life was that tradesmen opened their shops for only one hour in the middle of the day and rushed to the bank at once to change their cash into foreign currency. They thereby gave an added twist to their own vicious circle. A paper mark could not be held for more than an hour without its losing most of its value. The street kerbs were filled with queues of people maddened by the dual object of getting into the shops during the one hour available to them and, if they got in, of buying as much stock as they had money to buy, knowing that on the following day the money left over would be so depreciated as to buy hardly anything. A pound of sugar involved the physical transfer of millions of paper marks.

Though Dr. Schacht had had no experience as a banker he had studied finance and in particular English finance. His doctorate of laws was won by a thesis on " The Theoretic Contents of English Mercantilism." The first step he took in the maelstrom in which he found himself was to appeal to Mr. Montagu Norman for the help of the Bank of England. Mr. Montagu Norman with almost equal audacity agreed to give the help that was asked,

and Dr. Schacht duly set up in Berlin the gold bank on which his plan of rescue depended for its success. He stuck to it as it were with his eyes shut and his teeth clenched. He succeeded. He held Germany on the very edge of the precipice and pulled her back. He then reformed the Reichsbank.

Thereafter there were no setbacks. He had won power and he used it without ever hesitating. One example will illustrate his method. On September 17th, 1926, there took place at Thoiry the famous meeting between the late Herr Stresemann and the late M. Briand: both charming men, both totally ignorant of finance in any practical sense. Their naïve plot was to mobilize capital for France by selling Dawes railway bonds. The only markets for the sale would be London and New York, which, in effect, would be invited blandly to sacrifice their own interests for the exclusive benefit of France. The moment Herr Stresemann returned to Berlin Herr Schacht informed him simply that the scheme must be dropped, giving no other reason than that it was unpractical. Herr Stresemann refused to speak to him for several days, but the project was dead.

There is no need to recall the details of Herr Schacht's second great achievement, the rescue of Germany from the mesh of reparations. For six years he held on against the desperate odds because Germany could not yet defy Allied diplomacy. But at the second Hague Conference on the "Young" reparation plan he saw and took the opportunity of making a stand. He tells the story himself with characteristic effect in his book *The End of Reparations* (English translation, Cape, 1931). He succeeded in his object and reparations were at an end.

The two great obstacles being thereby removed from his path, the one domestic, the other external, he next turned his mind to constructive work. For five years constructive work in international finance and economics was ruled out, first by the universal financial catastrophe that had started in 1929, and second by the advent of Herr Hitler in January, 1933, to supreme power over Germany. With his grim humour Herr Schacht bided his time. Herr Hitler turned the whole world in 1933 and 1934 into enemies of Germany. So far as finance and economics were concerned, Germany had lost her biggest markets abroad and had no apparent chance of regaining them.

Then a stroke of historic pure good luck fell into the lap of Herr Schacht. In the summer of 1935 that limited, but to Germany important, section of the world which constitutes the League of Nations endeavoured to prevent a great Power from annexing a small Power in Africa. Financial and economic sanctions were formally imposed upon Italy. It is true that Austria and Hungary both refused to take their part in so forbidding an undertaking. But the general stimulus to German enterprise gathered enormous strength during that appalling winter. So far as the Italian market was concerned Germany had nothing to do but to walk right in. But that circumstance was not the most interesting or the most important.

There lay open the whole field of South-Eastern Europe, containing a network of small countries already distressed by economic and financial difficulty and now reduced to something like despair by the general dislocation of trade brought about by the attempt of certain governments to boycott Italy. Now one of the great political facts of our time has been Germany's military strength and expansionist ambition. During the period of the Great War every schoolboy was familiar with the expression *Drang nach Osten*. It was the very bedrock commonplace of diplomatic fact that Germany's ambition was to expand through Central and South-East Europe to the Near and Middle East; and for an obvious simple purpose. Not only would such expansion in itself satisfy the German appetite for imperialist adventure. It would have the effect of permanently dividing Russia from France and thus of removing the greatest standing danger known to German patriots. It is almost true in itself to say that the Great War was fought for the object of thwarting the German *Drang nach Osten*. And now, in 1935–1936, less than a generation after the Great War at appalling sacrifice had been "won" on the field of battle, at the very time when Germany was again emerging as the greatest military power in the world, the remnant of the Allies who defeated Germany not only openly presented to Germany the opportunity of achieving what she had been baulked from achieving in the period 1914–1918, but presented the opportunity in such a form that Germany was almost driven to take it with both hands.

Dr. Schacht has a dry sense of humour. One can almost see

the chuckle as he made his plans. He made them with deliberate care, and when the time came carried them out with characteristic despatch. In nine days he completed a tour of the five Balkan countries. He visited Vienna (June 10th and 11th), Belgrade (June 11th to 13th), Athens (June 13th to 15th), Sofia (June 15th to 17th) and Budapest (June 17th to 19th). In four cases (Yugoslavia, Greece, Bulgaria and Hungary) he went ostensibly with the purpose of returning visits of courtesy already paid to Berlin by the Governors of the national banks. In the case of Austria he went openly and simply for the true purpose that inspired all his visits. The process of German economic expansion in those five countries had started some three years before, for the palpable reason that it is a constant care of German diplomacy to take every opportunity that presents itself in the Balkan countries. But the late spring of 1936 will no doubt be remembered in history as a landmark of considerable importance in the history of Europe. So demoralized is the contemporary quality of political thought that Dr. Schacht's adventures in South-East Europe seem not to have been appreciated by British or French public opinion. Indeed their importance seems rather to have been ignored.

What, then, was the main lever used by Dr. Schacht as a means of bending the Danubian countries to Germany's purpose? It happens that in the topsy-turvy world we live in a debtor country has much more of a pull over a creditor country than a creditor over a debtor. Of late years the Balkan countries have changed their role from debtor to creditor countries towards Germany. Except Czechoslovakia and Austria they have in the past three years sold goods to Germany on a rapidly increasing scale, but they have not been paid for them. Germany's lack of foreign exchange has resulted in the accumulation of "frozen credits" owing to the five countries, Rumania, Yugoslavia, Bulgaria, Hungary and Greece, amounting in the aggregate to more than Rm. 100,000,000. The Reichsbank simply does not possess the foreign exchange to liquidate those debts in cash.

Dr. Schacht therefore made the simple suggestion in the several capitals that the debts be liquidated in the form of German goods. As Germany's main production at the present

time consists of armaments, the Balkan countries in effect were offered German armaments. They had no alternative but to accept the offer. Their own financial stringency conspired with the need of armaments resulting from the intensive general competition in rearmament to place them entirely at Dr. Schacht's mercy. The rumour that he used as a weapon of further intimidation the threat to devalue the Reichsmark need not be taken seriously, for he had no need of any further weapon than that already in his hand. The alarming consequence is that Germany has made the Balkan countries in a large degree dependent upon her for their armaments.

Sanctions enormously helped Germany's game. Even before Dr. Schacht's visit to Belgrade Yugoslavia found herself in the position where she was cut off from her best market. Germany jumped at the opportunity. By the simple means of undertaking to import from Yugoslavia as much as 60 per cent. of the goods formerly exported from Yugoslavia to Italy (goods which when taken by Germany would not be paid for in cash), Germany ensured last March that Krupps would receive the contract for re-equipping the Zenitza iron works. The pantomime of inviting tenders was duly performed. Germany ignored the pantomime and named her own price for the job. In fact cheaper tenders were actually received from both British and Czechoslovak firms ; but the contract went to Krupps. Since March German firms have received from Yugoslavia a series of contracts for railway and bridge building amounting in the aggregate to much more than the equivalent of Yugoslavia's frozen credits in Germany. The balance on the other side will allow for the continued deflection of Yugoslav exports from Italy to Germany. On June 10th, the day before Dr. Schacht arrived in Belgrade, the Yugoslav Government placed a new order with German firms for railway material amounting to 250,000,000 dinars. On the day after he arrived M. Letitza, the Finance Minister, agreed to issue an edict, which took effect on June 25th, to restrict imports from Great Britain, the United States and other countries in order to increase the trade with Germany.

At the same time an import licensing system was established which gave to Germany, through her " clearing mark " agreement,

a virtual certainty of supplying about one-third of Yugoslavia's imports from abroad. Those imports include motor cars and textiles, goods for which British firms could otherwise have competed. On June 21st, eight days after Dr. Schacht left Belgrade, a further order for 200,000,000 dinars' worth of Yugoslav railway contracts went to Germany, bringing the total up to 600,000,000 dinars (say £2,730,000). On August 5th a collective protest by 300 British export firms led the British Government to complain to Belgrade that Article 8 of the 1927 Anglo-Yugoslav Treaty of Commerce had been violated by the new system of import control. The British Government might with as much effect have complained to the Wilhelmstrasse : for Belgrade was helpless.

Dr. Schacht went from Belgrade to Athens. Greece happened to have a greater amount of foreign credits in Germany than any other of the Balkan countries, amounting to some Rm. 30,000,000. It was not armaments that Greece wanted to buy so much as raw materials. Yet Germany, wanting to sell armaments, was able to force Greece to buy them. Only last April, when the Greek Government decided upon a rearmament programme involving an expenditure of 6,200,000,000 drachmas (say £12,000,000), it was made known from Athens that four destroyers included in the scheme would be ordered from an English yard because the German destroyers were so complicated in their technical construction that it would take two years of special training for officers and men in the navy to man them. In due course it became known that a particular English yard had in principle been given the order. After Dr. Schacht's visit to Athens the negotiations for the definitive contract broke down and new tenders were invited.

Dr. Schacht had assured the Greek Government on June 15th that the Greek frozen credits would be safeguarded against any danger of depreciation of the Reichsmark. On July 2nd a new law was promulgated in Athens whereunder some 40 categories of goods were transferred from the free list in the tariff to the list of those which could be imported only from countries where Greece had a favourable trade balance. In other words Germany was given the virtual monopoly in those goods, the chief sufferer being Great Britain, who was conspicuous for her own favourable

trade balance with Greece. Towards the end of August a critic of the Greek Government in Athens could raise the question why the orders for Greek armaments should go to Germany when they cost 50 per cent. more than they would cost elsewhere.

The cases of Austria and Hungary differed from those of Bulgaria and Yugoslavia because those two countries had refused to participate in Geneva's sanctions. Dr. Schacht was in Vienna on June 10th and 11th. Exactly one month later, on July 11th, the historic announcement was made in Berlin and in Vienna of the moral *Anschluss*. That was not a case of direct or exclusive cause and effect, but there can be no doubt that Dr. Schacht did his bit. On July 16th the Government spokesman in Vienna was asked by a journalist whether Germany would now become a signatory of the Rome Pact. He refused to answer that question, but did say that Germany would henceforth be entitled to be consulted in any economic discussions bearing upon the trade of the Danubian basin. On July 27th an Austrian delegation began negotiating in Berlin for a trade agreement.

There is no need for further elaboration of what Dr. Schacht attempted or did. He himself with his usual frank humour, gave the simplest explanation of his purpose during his tour. Speaking at a press reception in the National Bank in Budapest on June 19th he declared of course first of all that he had no "sinister political plans." What "sinister" means depends upon a point of view. He went on to explain that as the creditor countries could less and less be depended upon as markets, it was merely malicious or stupid to condemn Germany for trying to exploit the debtor countries as markets. That was an easy doctrine from his point of view. From the sketch that has been given of its consequences, it seems likely that the operations of this financial opportunist will long be rued by Germany's competitors, and in particular by the manufacturers and traders of Great Britain.

STALIN'S NEW PURGE

By Malcolm Muggeridge

IT has been pointed out often enough in connection with the execution of Zinoviev, Kamenev and the others that most revolutionaries have perished at the hands of the revolutionary government they helped to establish. On his way to the scaffold Danton remarked that, when they have consumed everyone else, revolutions consume themselves. The reason why this happens is obvious. Once a revolutionary government is formed, its main purpose is to continue in existence. It wants, as all governments do, to feel secure, and as long as there are practised revolutionaries in important places it cannot feel secure. Hence Stalin has executed, exiled, or broken the spirits of all who took a prominent part in bringing about the Russian Revolution. Now he alone remains, with only an embalmed Lenin to remind him of the events which led to his present occupancy of the Kremlin.

Inevitably we are asked to believe that a widespread plot was afoot, as we were after June 30, 1934, when Hitler got rid of the first batch of his sometime fellow revolutionaries. Who can tell whether these plots have any existence outside the imaginations of their preventers? Zinoviev and Kamenev had been tried again and again before this last trial, confessed to every sort of subversive activity and slobbered out their contrition. Anyone who has seen them haunting like uneasy ghosts lesser Soviet official functions will find difficulty in believing them in their last years capable of being a menace to any government. They looked beaten and uneasy; even Radek, whose astonishing capacity for kissing the rod—surely unequalled even in the Byzantine Empire—seems for the moment just to have saved his skin. I remember very well when Sokolnikov, another of the accused and now awaiting his trial, returned to Moscow from London. There were rumours that he was in trouble. Tourists who had known him in London asked questions. At last it was arranged that he should give a tea party. A repre-

sentative of the Foreign Office and an Ogpu plain-clothes man were present, and Sokolnikov, sitting between them, said with a sickly smile how glad he was to be home again, and how absurd were the rumours of his being under arrest. " Why," he said, with a sicklier smile than ever, " one foreign newspaper has actually reported my death. You can see I'm not dead, can't you ? " If he had any plotting left in him I should be surprised.

At the same time, there has been for some years now a lot of discontent in the Communist party with Stalin's policy, especially among Old Bolsheviks. All that they believed in and in many cases fought for has been given up, and, more serious, their power has dwindled and the power of the Political Police and the Army has increased. Though the projected new Constitution allows of the existence of only one political party, it does replace open voting by a secret ballot. Thus if it cannot conceivably provide an outlet for popular discontent, it may for discontent within the Communist party. At present, under the watchful eye of the Political Police, arms are earnestly raised in favour of official candidates ; when it is a matter of marking a ballot-paper, discontented party members may be hoping to get a look in, and it is possible that the latest mass trial and executions were designed to discourage such hopes.

There is also Trotsky. Between him and Stalin a bitter antagonism has existed from the beginning. They are anti-pathetic types. Trotsky is brilliant and cosmopolitan, Stalin dull and parochial, but naïvely determined to be regarded as a great intellectual force. When Lenin was alive Trotsky did not hide his impatience with the slow-witted but obstinate Commissar for Minorities, but, as so often happens in life, slow-witted Stalin has been able to climb to power on the back of brilliant Trotsky. To do it he formed an anti-Trotsky alliance with (ironically enough) the two men he has just had shot, Zinoviev and Kamenev. Then, with Trotsky out of the way, he was able to get rid of them and rule alone. His spite against Trotsky knew no limits. The history of the Revolution had to be re-written leaving Trotsky out, his name was erased from all records and museums, facts were distorted in the most childish way to prove that Stalin was, with Lenin, chiefly responsible for the Red Army's final triumph in the Civil War.

Even so, Trotsky continued to annoy. He enjoyed still a considerable reputation abroad, and was free to write and agitate. His *History of the Russian Revolution*, which presented Stalin in a highly unfavourable light, was well received and translated into many languages, and surreptitious meetings were arranged between him and old associates or their representatives outside the U.S.S.R. I have often thought how Stalin must have regretted letting Trotsky out of his clutches! When he was exiled his revolutionary honours and long association with Lenin were too recent for more drastic measures to be taken. Now it would be easy if only Trotsky could be brought back from Norway. What delight for Stalin to hear him grovelling as the others did—"We ask," Kamenev and Zinoviev wrote, "for our lives, not because we are afraid . . . but to serve the great ideas of the great Stalin!" How pleased he would have been to hear Trotsky confessing to all and more than the sins he was accused of, and then pleading for mercy. Short of having Trotsky in person within his power, the best he could do was to terrorize and then execute any who had at any time accepted his leadership or avowed sympathy with his ideas.

This personal antagonism has its doctrinal basis. Stalin has come more and more to limit his horizon to the confines of his own country; Trotsky continues to believe, as Lenin did, that world revolution is at hand, and that the Soviet Government's chief concern should be to assist the precipitating of revolutionary situations elsewhere. The controversy is an unreal one, because if Trotsky were in power in Russia he would no more care to jeopardize the Soviet Government's security for the sake of the toiling masses in, say, China or Germany than Stalin; though he would, like Stalin, continue to fish in troubled international waters, subsidising insurrectionary movements, controlling newspapers in all the countries that were contemptibly bourgeois-capitalist enough to allow it. Even the poor little *Daily Worker* came out bravely with "Shoot the Reptiles!" when Stalin happened to be engaged in "liquidating" a batch of old comrades.

Trotsky belongs to the knockabout revolutionary world. He has lived in most of the capitals of Europe. He is an Intellectual in appearance and in habits of life. When he was in Moscow

he actually mixed socially with foreigners, was to be met, for instance, at Paul Scheffer's house. He provided a link between the U.S.S.R. and the rest of Europe, and did not become wholly merged in the gloom and unreality that soon came to characterize the Soviet regime.

His departure was followed by an intensification of gloom. The Terror felt more oppressive when he was gone, not because he was squeamish—it was on his orders that the Kronstadt sailors, whom he had called the " pride and the glory of the Russian Revolution," were shot down for demanding free elections, a secret ballot, liberty of speech and of the Press, the liberation of political prisoners and the equalization of food rations —but because Terrorism was not a part of his being as of Stalin's. Unlike Stalin, he could at least conceive unterroristic government. Without him there was nothing to connect the Russian Revolution with the general trend of European history. Gloomy Georgian faces became more and more in evidence in the Kremlin. No Soviet citizen dared to speak freely to a foreigner. There was no intellectual traffic between Russia and the rest of Europe.

In this strange atmosphere Stalin felt he could at last breathe freely. He had never lived, a revolutionary rentier, by the Lake of Geneva, or drifted shabbily in and out of the British Museum Reading Room. He knew no European languages except Russian, and that he spoke with a strong provincial accent. His megalomania flourished with ceaseless adulation—ever larger portraits and busts staring at him wherever he went, ever more fulsome tributes to his eloquence, profundity, grasp, and brilliance whenever he opened a newspaper. There was no Trotsky to accentuate his limitations, and remind him of the time when he had been hopelessly outshone. His colleagues were the monumentally dull Molotov, the nonentity Kalinin, the cunning Jew Kaganovitch, who throve by playing up to his vanity and never opened his mouth in public without paying him lavish compliments. With the painstaking, thorough malice of such men he set himself to abolish Trotsky's memory. This made it inevitable that sooner or later Kamenev, Zinoviev and the others should fall victims to the machinery of Terror of which in their day they had made such lavish use.

In a recent interview Trotsky described Stalin as " nationalist

and conservative." There is much truth in the description. He has brushed aside all purely theoretical considerations, insisting, for instance, that competition is a necessary spur to industry; he has revived the Fatherland idea; he has even, following Mr. Knickerbocker, rediscovered his mother and occasionally spends a ceremonial day in her company. All this is blasphemy in the eyes of old-fashioned Marxists, who insist that patriotism, like religion, is a device for enslaving the workers, and that the domestic virtues are as deplorable as war savings certificates. It goes down very well, however, with the younger Russian *émigrés*, who are beginning to relent towards Stalin, still more towards Voroshilov, the War Commissar. The summary execution of a number of veteran revolutionaries, mostly Jews, and the consequent discredit which has been cast upon the international Marxism they stood for, has strengthened this good impression. The attack—more, it is true, in sorrow than in anger—comes from the *Daily Herald*; the *Morning Post* begins to wonder if it may not have misjudged Stalin. He has only now to extend the range of his purge a little, including, for instance, Litvinov in it, to confirm these golden opinions.

How far the purge was intended to chasten the Communist party's spirit in readiness for the introduction of a new Constitution, and how far just to work off old grudges; how far the ever-growing war danger from Germany on one frontier and from Japan on another made it so necessary to break potential opposition within and reassure potential allies without that the Soviet Government was no longer concerned to engineer revolutionary situations in other countries; and how far the Political Police genuinely thought they had discovered a widespread plot with ramifications abroad that had already led to the assassination of Kirov and that envisaged a whole series of similar assassinations beginning with Stalin—how far any or all of these circumstances entered into the savage trial and summary execution of Zinoviev and Kamenev it is impossible to say. They were once honoured revolutionary leaders. Now they are dead, and the hand that signed the order for their death was raised triumphantly with theirs in October, 1917, in celebration of a common victory, and the uniforms they saw behind barrels pointed at their breasts

bore each the Red Star which they had chosen to symbolize their dreams of a new social order.

No one asks why a mad bull races round a field. It is as unreasonable to ask why a Terror chooses this or that victim, why it manifests itself in this or that way. Whoever rules by fear must be afraid. That is a law of life. Whoever rules by fear knows in his heart that he is hated, however painstaking he may obliterate every trace of the hate in which he is held. Being afraid, he sees plots and stratagems and enemies everywhere. His fear accumulates, until, to ease himself, he dramatizes it. There are his enemies, and there his power to crush them. It is a Morality he stages, with Good, himself, triumphing over Evil, his enemies. These mass trials that have become an integral part of the Soviet regime, and that have occurred in Nazi Germany, are such Moralities. It does not matter much who the victims are. They may be veteran revolutionaries, or a half-witted Van der Lubbe, or foreign engineers, or an over-ambitious colleague like Röhm. The victims are not people, but symbols. They represent the fear constantly eating away at the heart of all terrorists. They are the terrorists' terror.

Once the deadly principle of government by fear is accepted, fear must become the prevailing emotion. When Kirov was murdered seven hundred persons at least in different parts of the U.S.S.R. were taken out and shot in sheer panic. It was the first impulse—just to shoot, to shoot anyone handy. Go and knock at any door in Moscow in a peremptory way late at night, and everyone inside will start and look anxious. All this fear must sometimes be objectified. There must sometimes be someone to be afraid of; and Kamenev and Zinoviev were dragged out from prison to fill that role. Broken by previous persecutions, themselves craven, one at least ill, they were presented to the Soviet population as implacable enemies of the State, and so a justification of the continued practice of terrorism.

As always happens, Terrorism has spread from the centre like ripples over the whole country. Local Kamenevs and Zinovievs have been tried and executed. In remote villages Old Bolsheviks who had been heard to murmur that piecework was the last thing they would have expected to find in a classless

socialist society, perhaps adding that Lenin and Trotsky would never have stood for it, suddenly became as authentic Class Enemies as kulaks and White Guards. I remember a little man in Rostov. He had been important, but his position was weakening, and he was solacing himself with vodka. People in uniform made him look up apprehensively. He wore a paper shirt-front and paper cuffs. " Ah," he said, as he got a little tipsy, " those were the days," and described the part he had played in the Revolution and Civil War. I have no doubt he laid it on a bit. All the same, he was probably quite effective, first burrowing underground and preparing for the collapse, then orating at street corners and inflaming the humble and meek to put down the mighty from their seats. I saw the frenzied excitement in his eye at the memory of the collapse of the great rotten structure of Tsarism. His enemies had fallen, and he had his feet on their prostrate bodies. " And now ? " I asked. He winked, then shrank into himself. Was he meditating, I wondered, burrowing underground again ? It is his sort, long ago deprived of all authority, lingering on in little sheltered corners with bottles of vodka to keep them happy, *invalides de révolution*, who have been the casualties in this latest offensive on the Class War Front.

The Political Police were established to defend the Revolution. There were enemies without and enemies within. Society, as they understood it, was in a constant state of internal conflict, class constantly warring against class. The only way to end this conflict was for one class, the biggest, to destroy all the others. The " liquidation of the landlord and capitalist class "—to use the Webbs' gentle phrase—took place. Many others were liquidated as well, but at last the job was done. The big class had eaten up all the little ones ; the Terror might safely be disbanded, its personnel given the Order of Lenin and sent about their business. They, however, were quite certain that they had duties still to perform. Beware, they said, still. Class Enemies remain—landlords and capitalists masquerading as proletarians, rich peasants masquerading as poor peasants and White Guards as Communists. Beware, above all, of Judases, Marxist minds tainted with a landlord and capitalist outlook. The Terror got a second wind. Not even Lenin was strong

enough to curb its activities. The "Flaming Sword of the Proletariat," as Stalin has called the Political Police, has constantly extended the range of its operations until now it has reached Lenin's closest associates, his brother-in-law, grazing with terrifying closeness Stalin's very entourage. It killed riotously at Zinoviev's behest. Now it has killed him.

As long as the Flaming Sword confined itself to legitimate prey, Enlightened Opinion abroad was inclined to regard it as a righteous instrument. Abolishing capital punishment was all very well in backward capitalist countries, but would never do in a classless socialist society. Even when the Flaming Sword threatened foreigners resident in Moscow, it was still absurd to make a fuss. Now that the Flaming Sword has turned on some of those who forged it, Enlightened Opinion is alarmed. When Mr. D. N. Pritt, K.C., insisted that the Zinoviev-Kamenev trial was fairly conducted, that it was the prisoners' own wish not to be legally represented, implying that their subsequent execution reflected credit on the new Soviet civilization, and that in a general manner of speaking the Old Bailey was medieval compared with the sweet reasonableness of this Moscow court, his words fell for once on deaf ears. For the first time periodicals like the *New Statesman and Nation* registered disapproval of the Flaming Sword's activities, and the *Daily Herald* sadly concluded that the U.S.S.R. "is moving not from dictatorship towards Democracy, but from one kind of dictatorship to another."

How long will the Flaming Sword be able to go on waving over Russia, the whole population cowering under its shadow? It will go on, given no interference from outside, until the Terror, having nothing else to destroy, falls on its own Flaming Sword. Government by fear is, happily, impracticable except for short periods of time, just as living by fear is impracticable for an individual. There have been tyrannies before and there will be tyrannies again, but these Totalitarian Tyrannies are something quite special. They necessitate everyone being afraid all the time. I have a curious certainty that as the Soviet Totalitarian Tyranny was the first to establish itself it will be the first to go, and that when it has gone the others will soon go too. This certainty was strengthened when the Russian Revolution, as the French Revolution did, began to devour itself.

TUSCAN

By Sacheverell Sitwell

It has come, it has come again,
This lost blue world
That I have not seen for seven years,
And now there is no other earth, no world beside it.
O what I have missed, these seven eyeless summers,
For this is a blue world shut unto itself,
This trellis of wistaria, this blue fire falling;
Its leaves drop flame to every quarter of the winds,
But I lived seven years away and came not to it,
And now the flowers are sevenfold, their honey tongues
Loll like a million bells that quiver and don't ring,
Though the air all trembles and vibrates with them.
Then, as now, this blueness was alive
With quick spangled comedies, quick turn-coat rain,
That fell by the trellis and was dyed in that colour;
There was never such a heaping, such a deep-piled fulness,
For the flowers lie on the pergola like snow disastered,
From some whirling cataclysm thrown and tumbled.
Let us sit in this cage of fire and think of it!
Why is no poetry so full as this,
But this is mortal with but a breath of life;
Nothing lives outside it, if you keep within,
You have seven days, and a table and a chair;
What else can you wish, you are no prisoner?
Why ever move away from here, there's nothing else;
But keep in this cage of fire and live inside it,
Be the salamander in this house of flame;
Look from its windows, see the world on fire.
But now comes the aftermath, the hollow empty bathos,
For this blue flower faded at the bat-winged dusk,
It faded and went out into a lifeless nothing;
Nor even did the scent stay in this worse-than-death.

A MOUNTAIN AND A WOOD

By Joanna Cannan

CONSCIOUS that she was looking her best, yet almost for the first time in her life not wholly self-satisfied, she stood in white and pearls beside her aunt in purple and diamonds, waiting to receive him. The curve of the stairs hid the hall from her, but a sudden wedge of sound from the street—hooting of claxons, grinding of gears, slurring of wheels through the October mud—entering the decorous stillness of the house told her that the doors had opened to admit him. "Septimus!" hissed her aunt, and from the library, where he had taken a brief refuge, came her stooping erudite uncle, obedient as a dog to the whistle. There were moments in Lady Toberly's life when even she realized the limitations of her money.

George James Battersby came up the stairs behind the monumental butler. You got the impression that without the butler to keep him back he would have run up and risked the loss of dignity. When he saw the trio waiting for him, he gave a small unnecessary cough and pulled down his white waistcoat. Penelope looked down and didn't see a mouse-haired, thirtyish man of middle height coughing nervously and twitching at the cheapest white waistcoat obtainable in Beachcombe Regis; she saw the hero of the Chowolungmo expedition, the superman, who twice in one day had made the ascent of the terrific ice wall and brought his comrades down through the blizzard to safety.

Her uncle said, "Ah, Battersby, that's right. My wife, my niece," and Penelope shook the hand to which three men owed their lives. There was a finger missing from the hand, and it felt odd in hers. In his lecture he had not mentioned losing a finger, but she had read in the newspaper how it had been amputated by lantern light down at the Base Camp, and the

odd feeling thrilled her. Finding her voice she said, " I can't tell you how I enjoyed the lecture."

He gave an embarrassed laugh. " I'm a very poor lecturer, but Morton's lantern slides are a great help. They're good, aren't they ? "

" They're marvellous. That one of the ice wall . . . it looks absolutely perpendicular."

He suggested, " Perhaps Morton tipped the camera," and went on, " I wish he could have been here to-night. Extraordinary the way he dragged that thing about. But he stayed behind to make an interest film of India."

" Lord and Lady Carfax," said the butler. " Sir William and Lady Cobminster. Professor and Mrs. Hazlitt. Mr. Charles Crabbe. . . ."

The tide of society came surging to their feet. " I'm sure you're dying to meet Mr. Battersby," said Lady Toberly. " Let me introduce Mr. Battersby. Mr. Battersby . . . Mr. Battersby . . . Mr. Battersby. . . ."

Soon he was looking hot. A mouse-coloured lock hung on his forehead. He could no longer make his modest phrases but said brusquely, " I'm glad you enjoyed it," and, " I'm afraid there's no more to tell." Penelope gazed at him tenderly. She knew dozens of men who could have kept tidy hair and their charm of manner through such an evening, but they weren't the men to go once in fine weather, much less twice in a blizzard, up the awful precipice of Chowolungmo's white ice wall. Here was a man of deeds, of the stuff that Lancelot was made of and Roland and Grenfell. . . . " I'll see you presently, Michael. . . ." " All in good time, my Tony," and the poor little men-about-town went crestfallen away.

Presently the tide ceased to flow. " We'll make a move," said Lady Toberly. " There's music in the drawing-room and dancing for the young ones in the ballroom, you know."

Penelope asked, " Are you going to be a young one, Mr. Battersby ? "

" Well," he said, keeping an anxious eye on the purple train, " I don't dance very well. Are you ? "

" Let's go and look at it anyway," said Penelope, and he followed her into the ballroom.

The ballroom was decorated in cream and gold. Blue hydrangeas were massed in the corners and beside the band. Round a shining expanse of dancing floor, supper tables were laid for two. Overhead chandeliers sparkled, romantic and unashamed. The band was playing " The Blue Danube," one of the few tunes that Battersby could recognize.

Well, hang it all, he was only two-and-thirty ! Why shouldn't he be " one of the young ones " ? Why shouldn't he, just for to-night, forget his poor job and his measly income and that his Iliad was over and that he had nothing—absolutely nothing—to look forward to until the Alps next year ? After all, this party had been given in his honour ; why shouldn't he enjoy himself, dance, laugh and be gay with this marvellous-looking Miss What's-her-name, who, astoundingly, had singled him out of a host of supercilious young men ? The music soared. Well, perhaps after all it wasn't so astounding. Perhaps his waistcoat looked worse to himself than to other people. Perhaps it was true that he had a nice speaking voice—as far as he remembered the only compliment that had ever been paid him. He said, " Shall we try ? " and placed his hand on her back, moved it down to find some frock but there wasn't any. Unnerved, he trod on her foot. " Sorry," he said and stammered, " I always wonder if it feels awful—my not having the right number of fingers."

" Not at all," replied Penelope. " You see, women are funny. One gets a little tired of men whose motto is ' Safety First '."

" Oh, well, you mustn't think . . . I mean, I expect when it comes to the point that's mine, too."

" It wasn't—on the ice wall."

" Oh, that was nothing. You mustn't think anything of that. I was in excellent training."

She laughed. " You *would* say that. I can see you're a hopelessly modest person. But it's no good. I think it was wonderful."

He opened his mouth meaning to say that it wasn't, that, like changing a wheel in a thunderstorm or getting out of bed on cold mornings, it was just a thing that had to be done. But then he thought, why live so severely, why not take the jam when it's passed to me—other men do ; and he merely changed the

subject. " You know, it was stupid of me, but I didn't quite catch your name when Lady Toberly introduced me."

" Penelope Raynor."

" Oh." Penelope Raynor. . . . He knew it, as one knows so many things, from advertisements. *Earl's Daughter Reveals Beauty Secret. " Riding to hounds and dancing till the small hours is hard on the complexion," says lovely Lady Penelope Raynor, " but I keep my skin smooth and velvety by the regular use of So-and-So's Vanishing Cream."* He looked down at the crisp waves of the golden head, the pencilled eyebrows, the incredibly long black lashes, and the mouth like Cupid's bow. Girls like this hadn't come into his life, and no wonder. What he earned in a month wouldn't have paid for the dress she was wearing. It would be better now to dance with someone else or to go into the drawing-room and listen to classical music. He knew—who better ?—what it was to stand staring at some far, inaccessible mountain until the peculiar lift of those white snow-fields dragged your heart out of you and there was no other mountain in the world for you to climb. Only, sometimes, the impossible did happen. When something *had* to be done, you started off without palaver and put your feet down one before the other and didn't bother about what might happen to you, and so you went up and down the ice wall and up and down again, and the impossible thing was accomplished. No, it wasn't his way to draw back because of the hurts he might get. . . . " Will you give me the next dance ? " he asked, and she answered, " I'd love to."

They remained together for supper and for most of the evening. At intervals Lady Toberly appeared and said " Pen, you're monopolizing Mr. Battersby." Then he had to go and talk to someone else, but he was soon back, standing in the doorway, watching her, waiting for her. " Night of stars and night of dreams," sang the violins and his forgetful heart sang with them, while she, in the phraseology of her generation, told herself that no man in the scores she had met had knocked so loudly on her box before. They talked of most things, but only when it was all over and he lingered, trying to say, when can we meet again ? she asked him, " By the way, what do you do when you're not climbing ? "

" I'm a master at a prep. school near Beachcombe Regis."

Gosh ! she thought, and then, well, it's a better job than Tony's or Michael's . . . training the youth of England, making men of them, is a nobler work than selling motor cars or carrying a Cabinet Minister's foot-rest after him. Her mind's eye gave her the school—small flannelled figures on green lawns, small, yes, but destined to govern half the world. . . . *Across the world you keep the pride, across the world we mark the score.* . . . " That's a marvellous job," she said. " It means more than just making money for yourself . . . more than most jobs do."

He looked relieved, almost as though he had expected the " Gosh ! " that had come to her lips. Then he looked glad and said, " Do you ever come that way ? I mean, perhaps you'd like to see the school. I'd like to show you round," he ended lamely.

She said, smiling, " My father's got a place in Sussex—Crabbitt's Court. I don't suppose it's more than an hour's drive from Beachcombe Regis. It's a funny old place—Tudor. Priests' holes and what-not. We're usually there round Christmas time."

" That's splendid," he said. " Perhaps you'll come over." The prize-giving would make an excuse, he thought, or the Old Boys' Dance—that was always a cheery little function. And he would dance with her again and make sure that the band played the " Barcarolle " and the " Blue Danube." " Now, Mr. Battersby," said Lady Toberly, biting back a yawn. " You really mustn't go without a whisky-and-soda. . . ."

II

Six weeks later on a dark morning early in December she woke up feeling petulant. On a table beside her bed was the same old breakfast and a pile of the same old letters. *Lady Carfax at Home . . . Dancing. Mrs. Schubert-Sykes at Home . . . . . Music.* Tony would be there, of course, and Michael . . . the same old people and the same old talk. . . . Oh, why didn't one ever meet anyone different ? Well, she had once ; once she had met a man worth calling one, and what had come of it ? He had been a little dazzled as long as the music lasted, but, in the cold grey dawn of the morning after, he had realized

that she was just a society boob and had forgotten her. She flipped over her letters. Here was a nice firm handwriting: "Dear Lady Penelope, If you do happen to be in the neighbourhood, I should be so glad if you would drive over to our dance on the sixteenth of December. Yours sincerely, G. J. Battersby." Enclosed was a card for the annual dance of the Loftus House Old Boys' Association.

She rang for her maid, who went for pen and notepaper, and, sitting up in her black and green pyjamas between her green sheets, she answered his letter. When the day drew nearer and her mother said, "I suppose on Saturday you're going to the Carfaxes?" she replied, "No. I've got another engagement."

"Really?" said Lady Rotherfield. "Of course I don't want to be inquisitive, darling. . . ."

"A dance," said Penelope, "at a place called Loftus House. A man called Battersby."

"Who are his people?" asked Lady Rotherfield. It was a question that she never failed to ask, and quite suddenly it exasperated Penelope. Battersby, if his people were dustmen, was a better man than Tony and Michael . . . this last generation of women, how they lived on the surface, choosing a man not for his virtue or valour but for his social qualifications, obstinately ignoring that they were choosing the father of their children and the companion of all their days. "I don't know who his people are, and I don't care a hang," said the Lady Penelope Raynor.

It was a wet night when she drove in her long low red-and-white coupé into the environs of Beachcombe Regis. She turned into a drive which, winding industriously, lengthened a distance of two hundred yards into six hundred. Her headlights showed her that it was bordered by laurels, not the long glossy leaves that make wreaths for the heads of heroes, but the hideous, variegated kind. She drew up at a large stone porch from the depths of which a voice bellowed to her to park her car in the yard. She drove on under a stone arch and drew into a space between a dilapidated Baby Austin and a Morris with a tattered hood and a flat tyre.

It was very cold, she found, when she stepped out of her car. The yard was muddy and, going towards the house, she

stepped into a puddle and could feel the water squelch in her gold kid shoes. Probably when people came to a show like this they brought goloshes . . . yes, there were two women in the porch now; they wore musquash coats, goloshes and scarves round their hair. She followed them into a square tiled hall.

There was a room on the left impartially labelled *IVb.* and *Ladies' Cloakroom.* It was furnished with desks and windsor chairs and a picture of the Princes in the Tower. On an ink-stained table stood a mirror, tilted at the wrong angle, and a packet of pins. Penelope slipped off her ermine coat and laid it down among the coats of tweed, musquash and sealskin. She felt gooseflesh rise on her arms. The room was abominably cold.

She quickly left the ladies' cloakroom; the reception rooms would, of course, be warmer. In the hall an immense stove, banked up with anthracite, gave little heat. George James Battersby stood beside it. He saw her and came forward.

"Marvellous of you to come so far."

"I was thrilled to come," said Penelope.

He shepherded her into a large room more or less cleared for dancing. Red and green paper streamers were stretched across the ceiling. Purple and yellow paper bells hung from the pendant light in the centre. Sprigs of holly were stuck behind the football groups on the walls. At the end of the room forms were piled on tables. For the first time in her life the dreary thought came to her that a dance, which meant fun for you, meant work for other people.

She looked about her and saw at once that she was much too smart even in her "little" backless frock of gold *lamé.*

And George James Battersby saw at once that the Old Boys' Dance was a rotten show, to which no man in his senses would have invited anyone. Before she had come he had looked into the dining-hall and thought it gay and Christmassy: now he saw that Roberts, the art master, had been right and that the decorations were both cheap and ugly. He saw too that, though the Old Boys were such good fellows, their partners looked, if not badly dressed, then unsophisticated: one or two who, before Penelope came, had looked quite dashing, now, in their blue and pink taffetas, looked positively common. Miserably he said, "Shall we dance?" "Well," she said frankly, "it would be warmer."

The floor had been polished by ardent volunteers, who had put more polish on than they had had time to remove and it was sticky besides being full of knots. The tinkly school pianoforte was accompanied by two diligent but uninspired violins. The " Blue Danube " soared perseveringly, but the difference between what it was and what it should have been was the difference between Beachcombe Regis and Vienna. He knew it. " I must introduce you to Mrs. Hughes—the Head Master's wife," he said, " and then you must have something to eat."

Mrs. Hughes was stout and grey. She wore a girlish dress of flowered ninon, a useful type of dress, which had already done duty at the school garden party and bore grass stains, which she had thought unnoticeable, round the hem. She looked anxiously and disapprovingly at Penelope. One way and another it would add to Edward's difficulties if Battersby, who had seemed moony lately, took it into his head to marry a girl like this. On the other hand he might not be thinking of marriage—he ought not to be, considering his salary. The girl might be a relative with young brothers getting on for prep. school age—you never knew. " Cast your bread upon the waters. . . ." She gave a quick mechanical smile and said, " I hope Mr. Battersby's taking good care of you."

" Excellent, so far," said Penelope.

" That's right, So jolly, isn't it, to see so many of our Old Boys here tonight. Mr. Battersby's splendid. He keeps in touch with them all. Such a cheery little function, and we're so fortunate in having such a nice big room. This was Lord Sopwith's house, you know. So nice for the boys. Oh, you'll forgive me, won't you, I must just speak to dear old Worthington-Jones. Was captain of our cricket team, you know, and went on to Merchester—such a fine school. Now a chartered accountant doing ever so well. Oh—Worthington-Jones . . ."

" Come and be refreshed —after all that," said Battersby.

" She seems—well-meaning," said Penelope.

" She's been playing us up rather, lately. Cold breakfasts and cheese in silver paper at supper—one piece each so that you can't take more. But she's a good sort and works harder than anyone. She ought to be in bed now—varicose veins."

" Ugh," said Penelope and wondered how it looked, that

noble job of bringing up the youth of England, when you were stout and grey and stood there grinning, with a fifty-nine-and-sixpenny frock that you had worn all summer over your legs and their aching grapes of veins. Perhaps you wished then that you hadn't bothered about what was noble but had married a man who sold motor cars or played tame cat to a Cabinet Minister, and kept your legs smooth and slim and your smile spontaneous. " Now what will you have ? " said George James Battersby.

Penelope looked at the table. There were sandwiches labelled " Potted Meat " and sandwiches labelled " Ham." There were lemon and orange jellies and pink and white and chocolate blancmanges. There were no sandwiches labelled " Caviar ' or asparagus heads rolled in dainty slices of brown bread and butter. There were no cheese straws. In fact, there was nothing really eatable, but she said with a good grace, " I'd like a potted meat sandwich, please."

" And something to drink," said Battersby and poured out two glasses of claret cup. " I'm afraid this isn't much of a show."

Penelope said that it was a lovely show, but her tone must have been unconvincing for he replied in a disheartened voice that he was afraid that she was being kind. He didn't feel that he could take her back to dance in that gaunt room on that unspeakable floor and a better idea occurred to him. " Get your coat," he said, " and let's go down to the lodge. I live there, and I'd like to show you my books and things." While she was fetching her coat he began to feel more cheerful. He had left a bright fire in his rooms, and it always looked nice with his dear books and his photographs of mountains and his Van Gogh reproductions.

They walked down the wet drive to the mossy-roofed lodge that lurked among the laurels at the gate. He took out his latchkey, pushed the door open and led the way into the lobby that smelled of mackintoshes. He opened a door on his left, switched on the light, and there, above the mantelpiece, soared the fluted ice peak of Chowolungmo . . . in a moment she'd be forgetting the rotten show he'd asked her to, as she watched his finger trace his route up the ice wall.

" That's my mountain," he said, and noticed that the fire was out.

" Bother," he said, " the fire's out," and he realized then that in the sort of house to which she was accustomed fires never died on you ; from time to time noiseless footmen entered and piled logs on. Probably she had never had even to make up a fire.

He seized the morning's newspaper, thrust it into the grate, ran out for a faggot and had soon kindled a crackling blaze. He didn't know that he had also blacked his face and disarranged his lock of mouse-coloured hair. " Those are my books," he said, indicating the shelves built in on either side of the fireplace. " I've got a first edition of the *Shropshire Lad* and most of the cheap books from the Poetry Book Shop." He pulled the little books out and laid them on the sofa beside her.

It was pathetic, she thought . . . " my books . . . my books " . . . and then this tiny penurious collection—you'd have a job to notice the addition, she thought, were it transferred to her father's vast and valuable library. And the way he had laid them beside her as though they were heaven's embroidered cloths . . . ! And only two months or so ago she had refused Lord Stepchurch and his fifty thousand a year and his six great houses. . . .

She had to do something about the little books so she opened one of them and read a poem about a bull. Battersby said, " One day those books will be jolly valuable."

" I expect they will," she said gently.

" And how do you like my Van Goghs ? "

" Oh, I've always liked that one," she said. " It's my favourite. Father's got the original."

Silence fell like a stone between them.

That's torn it, she thought, but it must have come sooner or later . . . no use going on and bumping our heads against the stone wall that's waiting for us. Life's gone wrong, somewhere, she thought, and the silly things are the things that matter. The hero's as out of date and useless as the horse in this fine modern world of ours. What could she say ? She was glad that he spoke first.

" You know Landor's line : ' There is a mountain and a wood between us.' There is, isn't there ? "

" Yes."

He turned and faced her. " I've climbed a lot of mountains. . . ."

" Yes, but different mountains. Solid under your feet. Not treacherous mountains that shouldn't exist . . . that don't really exist, but are there. . . ."

With a difficult smile he said, " I've always hated turning back. Can't we try ? "

She shook her head. " What is it climbers say : *Es geht nicht*."

" I was a fool," he said, " not to realise it. Of course you want the nice path through the crocus meadows—the pretty little walk. Well, you can have it." He looked round his poor beloved room and remembered, " All beauty in a narrow room may be." But that wasn't the kind of beauty people wanted, and you couldn't blame them. We're not spirits yet, but must see and feel.

" We'll go back then."

When they reached the house the band—if you could call it one—was playing the " Barcarolle " he'd asked for, churning it out like a head-mistress obliged to read Swinburne aloud. George James Battersby felt suddenly that he had made a fool of himself and was glad when Penelope said that she had a long drive before her and must go.

He saw her to her car, said good-bye and let her say thank you, and watched the rear light of her car slide away between the laurels. Why worry ? he thought ; she was just one of those who hadn't a heart for anything beyond the meadow paths, and with a dull ache inside him he went indoors and thrust his way heartily into the circle that was singing *Auld Lang Syne*.

Penelope drove swiftly and surely through the environs of Beachcombe Regis. Why worry ? she thought. He was just one of the splendid impossible things. I've seen the Matterhorn . . . I've met George Battersby . . . but leave it there ; keep the hero in the history book, let's stay at the bottom of the mountain, for your withered laurels, my hero, won't fetch you three ha'pence and it's cold where you're walking, up there among the stars.

JAPAN AND THE PHILIPPINES

By Willard Price

BRITISH sentiment is inclined to the opinion that if America wishes to quit the Philippines it is her own affair. True. But if Japan occupies the Philippines it is Great Britain's affair too.

The future status of the islands is of little concern to America, once she is out. But it is of profound significance to Great Britain.

America shows a strong inclination to withdraw from the western Pacific, falling back upon her defences at Hawaii. She leans toward a devil-take-the-hindmost policy so far as the Orient is concerned. Her interests in China, only one-sixth of those of Great Britain, are not considered worth going to war about. Rid of the Philippines, she will have no Achilles' heel left in the Far East. She is not so vitally dependent upon foreign trade as is Great Britain. If she prefers to withdraw into her own shell, she has a large enough shell to accommodate her for a century to come. Moreover, America may not greatly suffer by the advance of Japan, already one of America's best customers, and becoming a better one with every forward step she takes in Asia.

The position of Great Britain is entirely different. Great Britain cannot withdraw from the western Pacific. To do so would jeopardize the safety of Australia, New Zealand, New Guinea, Borneo, the Straits Settlements, the Federated Malay States, Hongkong, British interests in China, and the far-flung mandates and possessions of Great Britain, Australia and New Zealand in the South Seas. Such a retreat would also endanger India.

Singapore is Britain's promise that she will hold her ground. It seemed, when projected, a sufficient answer to any overweening ambitions east of Suez. But there have been many changes

during the thirteen years since it was begun. Japan, grown strong, has pressed westward and southward. And now America has stepped out of her way.

On the map the Philippine archipelago looks somewhat like a large key fitted into a lock composed of Australia, the Dutch East Indies, Singapore, French Indo-China and China. Who holds this key may unlock the treasures of southern Asia. The archipelago is placed like a reviewing stand before which all ships bound north to China must pass. Whoever controls the Philippines may dictate Chinese trade, and Chinese destiny. The northern end faces Hongkong, the southern end Singapore. For the Philippine labyrinth concatenates over a length equal to the distance from London to Algiers, and its total coastline is greater than that of continental United States.

The Philippine group is, economically, one of the most valuable pieces of territory in the world. Americans have not undertaken its development, because of uncertainty whether America would remain in the islands. The Japanese are not moving uncertainly. As soon as America made clear her intention to leave, the American Institute of Mining received word that Japanese interests were endeavouring to sign contracts for the entire gold output of the islands. Since that time trial shipments have been made to Japan. There has been lively interest in Japan over the recent discovery of chromite in such large deposits that the Philippines promise to be the world's chief source of chromium, invaluable to the armament makers. An Osaka concern in February of this year started off with an order worth £100,000. The iron ore is the best in the Far Fast and is desperately needed by Japan, especially in the contingency of war.

There is economic affinity between Japan and the Philippines. Japan, an industrial nation, needs raw materials. The Philippines can supply them. The two fit as hand and glove. The Japanese hand which will slip into and actùate the Philippine glove promises to bring a certain warming life as well as stern control. Thousands of manufactured articles, necessities, comforts, luxuries, will flow in at prices that the Filipinos can afford to pay—prices one half or one quarter those of similar articles from America. And the stuff of which these articles are made

will flow from the Philippines to Japan. The industrial age of the Philippines is still perhaps a century off. During that time the Filipinos will farm and mine while the Japanese will fabricate : a rather ideal comity with a minimum of competition. Being near neighbours helps, of course. Steamers from San Francisco to the Philippines take about three weeks. From the nearest Japanese territories (Palau on the east, Formosa on the north), one day. From Japan proper, less than a week. Air travel will make the time factor negligible. A plane hopped from Japan to Manila to be present as a sort of genial ghost of the future at the inauguration ceremonies. The trip was by way of Formosa and took two days ; it could have been made non-stop in nine hours.

No statecraft can nullify geography. No revival of America's go-getter methods in foreign trade, when such revival comes, as it will, of course, can alter the fact that the Philippines are more than eight thousand miles from San Francisco, five thousand even from Hawaii, but only eighty from the nearest important Japanese territory. The Philippine Batan Islands are but eighty miles from Formosa. Because of proximity, because of interlocking needs, Japan-Philippines trade is a " natural."

Even before " independence," Japan had outdistanced all other countries, except the United States, in supplying the Philippine market. And she will now very soon show her heels to the American exporter. American restrictions on imports will, of course, stop exports—for trade is a two-way tide. There cannot be give without take. If big brother will no longer accept little brown brother's sugar, there is no reason left for the latter to pay big brother $50 for a bicycle when he can get one from his new guardian for $3. Japanese piece goods have already so far outstripped American that a fifty-fifty quota agreement has been necessary. Japan subscribed to it and American piece goods men celebrated their victory. But man-made agreements will not dam a natural tide. And in January of this year the United States Department of Commerce expressed alarm over the fact that, although Japan has kept her promise regarding cotton, she is slashing prices of non-cotton goods. The result is that while American cotton manufacturers are unable to move vast surpluses, the Filipino is dressing in rayon.

What the Filipino shall wear, eat, read, put in his home, is increasingly dictated by the Japanese. Ironically, the Chinese helped to bring this about. They were formerly the shopkeepers of the Philippines. They patriotically but short-sightedly boycotted Japanese goods. Japan's reply was decisive. Japanese bazaars blossomed out almost overnight in cities and towns from Manila to Zamboanga. The display, the goods, the prices, were commanding. An official report to Washington this year estimates that 35 per cent. of the retail trade of the Philippines is now in Japanese hands. Since there is absolutely no effective competition, there is nothing to prevent the prophecy of a leading Japanese exporter from coming true; he forecasts that 1940 will see 80 per cent. of Philippine retail business operated by Japanese.

American capital and all other foreign capital is flowing out, except Japanese, which is flowing in. Hemp holdings are being increased, lumbering and mining concessions purchased. Some American interests are desperately hanging on, hoping against hope that both America and the Philippines will do a little rethinking before it is too late. Judge John W. Hausserman, called "the gold king of the Philippines," president of the Benguet Consolidated Mining Company, clutches at straws: "We will not," he says, "permit ourselves to harbour the thought that all that has been brought to the islands in the way of American civilization is to go for naught."

But while the gold king refuses to "harbour the thought," Japanese civilization has already actually taken the place of American civilization in Mindanao, richest and second largest of all the islands. The chief industry, hemp, and the second industry, lumber, are almost entirely in Japanese hands. The city of Davao is an equatorial Yokohama. Americans are as rare and as much an object of curiosity as in a city of Japan. There are 15,000 Japanese in Davao Province. Eighty per cent. of the imports of the province are from Japan. The Japanese industries built seventy per cent. of the roads of the province. Although it is legally impossible for aliens to hold land in the Philippines, clever Philippine lawyers in return for good fees have found ways to place half of the 164,000 acres of cultivable land in Davao Province under Japanese control. The Japanese

are conducting their enterprises with great energy and efficiency. To them, not to Americans, belongs the credit for the amazing development of Mindanao.

" But we have only begun," the Japanese manager of a great hemp concern told me. " We are trying through the Japanese Government to persuade more immigrants to come. Five Japanese steamship lines call at this island and fares have been cut below cost—the government makes up the difference. The climate here is well suited to Japanese. The heat is rarely as great as during the summer in Japan. Rain is plentiful and anything will grow. There is plenty of room—while there are 404 people to the square mile in Japan there are only 14 to the square mile here. Less than ten per cent. of the land has been cultivated. There are two million square miles of Mindanao still marked on the map ' Unexplored ' ! "

Not only economically do the Philippines seem to be made-to-measure for Japan—but strategically as well. Congress, unable to ignore this fact, went through the motion of meeting it by stipulating in Section 11 of the Tydings-McDuffie Independence Law : " The President is requested, at the earliest practicable date, to enter into negotiations with foreign Powers with a view to the conclusion of a treaty for the perpetual neutralization of the Philippine Islands, if and when Philippine independence shall have been achieved."

Neutralization. How neat ! Japan smiles and says, through her spokesman, that while she is not necessarily opposed to the idea, perhaps the Filipinos themselves would not like it. For neutralization means humiliation.

There is not a little truth in this suggestion, and the proud Filipino cannot fail to be stung by it. It is only the weak sister whose safety is guaranteed—a Belgium, a China. Are the Philippines to be placed in this category ? And, pride aside, what price would have to be paid for such neutralization ? " A treaty of neutralization would undoubtedly lead to a demand from the guaranteeing Powers for equal opportunities of trade in the Philippine Islands," objects Pio Duran, Professor of Law in the University of the Philippines. " The example of China furnishes an excellent index to the consequences of guaranteed equal treatment of all nations. . . . By virtue of the operation

of the Open Door Policy, China could no longer exercise her sovereign right to enter into such treaties and agreements respecting her commercial intercourse as she might deem wise to conclude. Her international policies were subjected to the combined veto power of the very nations that pretended to save her from being partitioned." The Nine-Power Treaty was the Open Door Policy made formal and binding. The Powers were bound not to invade China and China was bound not to enter into commercial treaties with any one nation or group of nations—a hand-cuffing to which no free nation would submit. "The Filipinos should reject such a treaty," says Professor Duran, "because it would reduce the Philippines to a state of virtual economic bondage identical with that in which China finds herself today. From the status of an American Colony, the Philippines should not plunge herself into a state of international servility."

Another Filipino leader remarks that a neutralization treaty would only mean three masters for the Philippines, the United States, Great Britain, and Japan. Others become still more realistic and eliminate the first two names from the list. A neutralization treaty, they say, would deliver the Philippines to Japan; just as the Nine-Power Treaty kept the other Powers out of China and cleared the road for Japan to go in. A "Keep-off-the-grass" sign is convenient for the person who ignores it. While the timid public is held at bay, he may have the grass to himself.

Whether this view is correct, certain it is that treaties, in these latter days, are being regularly subordinated to "national necessity." Needs, not treaties, will dictate the future of the Philippines. America's needs are evidently slight, since she is willing to abandon them. Great Britain does not seek more colonies. Nor does France or Holland, whose outposts neighbour the Philippines. Australia has not solved the problem of its own great open spaces. But Japan has definite needs, and when occasion offers to fill her needs she is not accustomed to stand upon ceremony.

I found Filipinos of all classes spinning in a whirlpool of uncertainty as to what they should do next. The whirlpool throws off four tangential currents. One is toward the per-

fection of " independence," but this is dropping enthusiasts. It remains, of course, the only one of the four that is publicly espoused. Anything else were treason.

The second trend, toward Japan, is quietly gaining. There are converts to the doctrine of " Asia for the Asiatics " with its corollary of Japanese leadership.

Cultures are also related, and are to become more so through the work of such organizations as the recently-formed Philippine Society of Japan headed by Marquis Tokugawa of the House of Peers. Plans include the exchange of professors and students, exchange of radio programmes and motion picture films, and all other means by which Japanese and Filipinos may grow to have more in common. There is an ably financed Japanophile movement in the Philippines. Of old, the Filipinos studied Spanish ; then English, during the American regime. Now the trend is slightly but increasingly away from both languages toward Japanese.

Free trade with Japan to make good the loss of free trade with America has been suggested by the Japanese Consul-General to the Philippines. The suggestion received the hoots of politicians and the sober consideration of business men. There would be advantages in a preferential arrangement with Japan—more reason for avoiding neutralization which would make such favouritism impossible.

But in addition to this strong current there is another current. It is heading back toward America. It is a bitter river of afterthoughts. The truth is that the Philippine question is far from settled. In fact, it is now for the first time unsettled. It has been settled for thirty-eight years that the Filipinos wanted independence above everything else on earth. Orators have shouted that they would rather be governed like hell by themselves than like heaven by Americans. Now, glimpsing hell, they are not so sure. They see economic trouble ahead, strife among factions, the shadow of Japan.

Under the light American hand the Filipinos had in many ways more freedom than the citizens of the United States. Today that freedom is being taken in, little by little. American bosses are going home, jobs are lost, young men are being drafted into an army that everybody admits is useless against

the only nation whose existence gives any reason for it. Can it be that freedom and independence may be contradictory terms? Is it possible that the Philippines must choose between being free under the United States but not independent, or independent like Manchukuo but not free? In that case, back to America!

This wistful looking back also has a temperamental basis. The Filipino enjoyed his distress as a captive; but there is no zest in being an outcast. The willingness, not to say the glee, of America in cutting him adrift has shocked him into sensibility. In the cold dawn of independence he cannot escape the fact that he and his sugar and his vegetable oil have been classed by America as undesirables. Evidently America considers that she gains more than she loses by Philippine independence. That must mean that the Philippines lose more than they gain. This sickening realization has much to do with the powerful back-eddy now setting in toward America.

But there are others who look to Great Britain. This is the fourth current, welling up from hope only, not from any assurances on the part of Great Britain. But it is believed that Great Britain must be alive to the challenge of the new situation to her interests. While the Philippine watch-tower of the western Pacific was American, Britain was sure of access to China. Also, her land bridge from Singapore to Australia was safe. Might not Britain even be persuaded, these Filipinos ask, to accept the guardianship of this rich land?

Australian papers remark with concern the steady increase of Japanese population and influence in Australia despite exclusion. Natnre abhors a vacuum, and there is considerable outside pressure upon vacant Australia. The great empty north must be utilized, and that soon, or a teeming Asia will become querulous. The Prime Minister recently mentioned the possibility of re-admitting British immigrants on the ground that the present population is inadequate to hold the continent. There are these signs of uneasiness, but there is not yet full realization of the fact that the destiny of the Philippines may determine the destiny of Australia—that a Japanese thrust southward from a Philippine base, coincident with a European crisis occupying the attention of the British Navy, would end the anomaly of a white continent in the Pacific.

All these facts will gain sharper focus during the ten-year transition period leading to the completion of independence for the Philippines. It is more than possible that America will become eager to re-admit the Philippines. But here is the irony of it. It will be too late. Conditions will have changed. For every day Japan will be enlarging her interest in the islands, filling in the place temporarily abandoned by America—but not temporarily filling it in. So when the time comes that the disgruntled partners are ready to make up, or a new partnership is clearly desired, it will be impossible. Except through war with Japan. Japan is the only beneficiary of Philippine independence.

The Japanese conquest of the Philippines, unlike the American, will probably not be sudden or sensational. It will be a conquest by miners and merchants. As Japanese interests grow larger, the protection of them will become more important. That a score of races scattered over 7,083 islands and speaking ninety different languages and dialects should all work together in peace and harmony is hardly to be expected. There will be disturbances. But the Japanese heartily dislike disorder. They may feel impelled to restore peace—and to maintain it thenceforth. Such are the simple annals of empire.

THIRTY THOUSAND WHALES

By D. Dilwyn John

THERE has been a dispute between the British and Norwegian companies who share between them almost the whole of the modern whaling industry in the Antarctic. They fish in those farthest and most inhospitable seas because in no others are there left whale populations big enough to make fishing pay : whalers did not go to the Antarctic until they were bound to.

The Blue and Fin whales of Antarctic seas are chased by fast steam " catchers," vessels beautiful for their purpose, quick-turning, about 120 ft. in length ; they are killed and caught by harpoons weighing one hundredweight fired from a gun in the bows. The hunting unit comprises five to seven catchers feeding a large parent ship, a floating factory up to 20,000 tons or more, which takes the entire carcases on deck and boils them down on board. There were twenty-three such units in the season 1934-5. If there were no restrictions to this industry, no one, knowing the history of older whale fisheries, could doubt that the last great population of whales left in the world would be in danger, not indeed of extinction but of something approaching it.

The dispute has concerned the method of restriction and how the catch should be shared by the British and Norwegians, but it is implied that both agree to the taking of something over 2,200,000 barrels. Let us see how many whales are needed to fill this enormous number of barrels. The Antarctic yield in the season 1934-5 was 2,340,723 barrels, a figure lying between those the Norwegians and British suggest for the coming season. To obtain it 30,183 whales were killed. So there is implied this much agreement between the British and Norwegian interests : that something approaching 30,000 whales should be taken from Antarctic waters during the coming season. It is satisfactory that there should be an agreement to limit the catch,

but far from satisfactory that the limit should be so high. Some figures are available of the numbers of Greenland Right whales taken in the good years of fishing in the Atlantic sector of the Arctic. The Dutch fleet is recorded as having taken an average of 116 whales a year in Davis Strait in the middle period of the eighteenth century. British ships made bigger catches farther north in the early years of the next century. In the four years 1827-30 they took an average of 848 whales a year. These numbers taken during the good years, so small compared with the 30,000 whales a year from Antarctic seas, were yet too much. The industry declined; it dragged on, getting smaller and smaller, until the early years of this century, when it died, leaving in the Arctic only an insignificant fraction of the great numbers of Right whales which once lived there.

The Antarctic is a far vaster sea than the Arctic, and there can be no doubt that its original whale population was very much bigger. But can 30,000 whales be taken from there in one year without permanent damage to the stock? Before answering that question we must see what the history of modern Antarctic whaling has been. It started only thirty-two years ago. There were then no self-contained floating factories with their attendant catchers, the whole capable of remaining at sea for the period of the whaling season. The industry was tied to the land because shore bases were necessary. They were either factories built on land, or large ships anchored in sheltered bays—floating factories, but floating factories that remained stationary for the season. Each kind of base had its complement of four or five whale catchers which hunted in the seas nearby. The personnel was almost entirely Norwegian. The only land in the Antarctic with suitable harbours are the islands to the south-west of the Atlantic which are dependencies of the Falkland Islands, and therefore British land. The most northerly of these is South Georgia, a rugged mountainous island rising to 8,000 feet and about 100 miles long. Its coasts are free of pack-ice the whole year round, and on one side afford some fine natural harbours. It was at the head of these that five land factories were built. The floating factories went yearly to anchor in the harbours of islands farther south—the South Orkneys and South Shetland Islands. They are completely snow- and ice-clad and surrounded

by pack-ice in most winters. This industry, based on the use of land or of harbours in British territory, was amenable to control and was controlled from the beginning, for the Colonial Government kept always in mind the danger that overfishing might take place. The numbers of companies and catchers were limited, the whalers were forbidden to take whale calves or mothers accompanied by calves, and they were required to avoid waste in the use of the carcases. Each company was required to send to the British Museum (Natural History) the date of capture, the species, the sex, the length and other details of each whale killed so that the Museum authorities might know what was being taken from the stock. After the war it was decided that nothing but long-continued researches on the whaling grounds, comparable with our permanent fishery researches in the North Sea, would supply the biological facts needed for controlling the industry in such a way that killing was limited to what the stock could stand. A fund was built up from the industry by means of leases, licences and the taxation of whale oil, and the "Discovery" investigations came about. Their researches have been continuous since 1925.

Whaling went on in this way, in a restricted region of the Antarctic, until less than ten years ago. In the season 1926-7 one knew what to expect at a whaling station in South Georgia: matters would be ordered as in previous years. The transport ship from Norway would arrive at the beginning of the season with men and stores ; the catchers would be manned and whaling would begin. Half-way through the season the transport would sail for Europe with the products up to that date, to return again near the end of the season to take men and final products home. If other ships came with additional stores the whole island would know of them beforehand. Two years later it was very different.

It had been found that it was possible for floating factories, such as those that previously lay at anchor all the season, to go forth with their catchers and deal with the whales they brought them in the sheltered water along the broken edge, or in the ever-shifting bays, of the pack-ice which fringes the Antarctic continent. In this way the whole mobile unit could go where whales were abundant and could shift at will to better grounds.

It was in the season 1928-29 that this method was first fully exploited. One in South Georgia then, who had known it before, was the witness of what resembled a gold rush. The floating factories that had previously gone to anchor in the islands farther south made S. Georgia their last call before going to the new whaling ground—the ice-edge. There were new factory ships, and old cargo vessels hastily converted into factories. With each came its complement of four or five whale catchers. Transport-ships, with rendezvous at the ice-edge with the factories they served, came and went. Whaling had again become a high-sea industry. So rapid was its growth that within a few years it spread around three-quarters of the circumference of the Antarctic continent. In 1930-31 whales were hunted all along the ice-edge, from south of America east-about (below Africa and Australia) to the Ross Sea, south of New Zealand. Only the Pacific sector of the Antarctic was not touched.

The older smaller industry using territorial bases in the Falkland Dependencies had been amenable to restriction by one authority. This new and larger high sea industry under various flags, though mostly British and Norwegian, was at first free of restriction. So great was the production in 1930-31—3,420,410 barrels from 37,465 whales—and so great the drop in the price of oil that the Norwegian fleet abstained from fishing the following season. In September, 1931, an International Convention for the Regulation of Whaling was made at Geneva. Only those of its provisions which have an application to Blue and Fin whales will be noticed here. It prohibited the killing of calves, immature whales or mothers accompanied by calves ; it required the fullest possible use to be made of the carcases taken ; it laid down that whaling employees, in so far as they were paid by results, should be so paid that the taking of the largest whales and the making of the fullest use of them should be encouraged ; it required that each factory should record certain observations (such as the species, length and sex) on every whale taken, and provided that these should be sent to an International Bureau for Whaling Statistics at Oslo. These are most valuable measures, but they do not constitute a far-reaching control of the industry.

It has in some measure controlled itself. The Norwegian

fleet agreed to abstain from whaling in the season 1931-32. In the following two seasons the Norwegian and some British and other companies agreed to restrict the catch by quota. Nevertheless the number of whales taken from the Antarctic in each of these years exceeded 23,000. In the last two seasons restriction has been by means of a shortened fishing season, observed by all the Norwegian and some of the British companies in the first season, by all of both in the second ; in the second season there was at the same time a quota agreement between most of the companies. The ends do not make it appropriate to speak of the means as " restriction," for in the first of these two seasons more than 30,000 whales were taken, and the yield of the second was slightly greater than that of the first.

We may now return to the question: Can 30,000 whales be taken from the Antarctic without danger of permanent damage to the stock? The industry is thirty years old. An enormous number of data concerning it are available. There are the returns the industry itself has been required to make, giving details of the individual whales in its catches. There are the numerous data collected by the " Discovery " investigations. Do they show that overfishing is taking place? Unfortunately, they do.

The first sign of overfishing is a progressive decrease in the size of the animals caught, as the older larger individuals, which are exposed to danger for the longer time, get killed off. In the Ross Sea, where whaling started only in 1923, there was in the three seasons 1926-29 a continuous fall in the average length of the Blue whales taken there : in 1926 it was more than 85, in 1929 less than 81, feet. Four months ago, a letter from a member of the " Discovery " staff appeared in *Nature* dealing with the same question for the whole of the Antarctic in the years 1930-35, the years of pelagic whaling along the ice-edge from the longitude of South America east-about to that of Western Australia. In that short period the average length of female Blue whales killed (based on totals varying from 4,500 to 7,250 a year) has fallen from 82.36 to 79.88 feet, and the fall was much more rapid in the last year than in the others. The " Discovery " researches show that the latter length is near that at which female Blue whales, at the age of two years, begin to reproduce themselves. Surely this is warning enough. If intensive fishing

goes on, larger and larger numbers of Blue whales must be killed before they have an opportunity to make the contribution of but one calf to the whale stock, and the deterioration must rapidly become worse and worse.

The industry itself has seen and admitted the danger, and representatives of the British and Norwegian Governments and whaling companies met in 1935 to discuss methods of restriction and control. Yet they appear to be agreed to take during the coming season at least as many whales as they have in all but one exceptional season in the past. Blue whales arrive on the fishing grounds before Fin whales and have in previous years formed by far the greater part of the early season catch. One of the purposes of the shortened fishing period agreed to for the last two seasons was to protect the stock of Blue whales by postponing the beginning of the operations from October to December. But the number of Blue whales taken in each of these seasons was not less, but greater than in all previous seasons but one. At the same time the number of Fin whales (over 11,600 in each season) was considerably more than twice as much as in any previous year. There were more factories and catchers in these seasons than in any since 1930-31 ; both are constantly being made more efficient.

The present control of the industry does not begin to preserve the stock : it does not even prevent expansion ; the most that can be said for it is that it probably curbs it. Nothing can save the whales and, in the long run the industry, but far more severe restriction. No more of each species should be killed in a year than that species can replace in the same time.

It was well that the chief partners, England and Norway, should confer. Other nations are beginning to whale : a Japanese factory ship appeared in the Antarctic last year, and the Germans are building another. In peace time the principal use of whale oil is for soap-making, with glycerine as a by-product. During the war glycerine for explosives was the primary product.

MEDICAL ETHICS

By Dr. Harry Roberts

MEDICAL orthodoxy and medical conservatism today, thanks largely to Mr. Bernard Shaw, have small honour in many cultivated and influential circles. But lay criticism is apt to be somewhat belated. It is a habit of the heterodox to stick up as a target for their shots a whole lot of doctrines and dying dogmas that the intelligent orthodox have long since scrapped or reconditioned. In the year 1936 it is extremely easy to make fun of the common beliefs of 1900. Medical orthodoxy today, as expressed in presumptions, is very unlike the medical orthodoxy, similarly expressed, of even twenty years ago; for it, like everything else, changes with the times, and with the growth of established knowledge. The worst that can be charged against it is that it tends to cling on a little too long to the spar that has kept it afloat so far, unduly mistrusting the seaworthiness of the boat that has come to its rescue.

In the centuries behind us, doctors were not peculiar in their scepticism as to the advantages of suggested innovations. Few of these—even of those whose utility time has confirmed—could claim a basis in what we now understand as science ; but the medical profession is very open-eared today. No novelty is so heretical that, if it produces even plausible credentials, it cannot be sure of a fair, judicial hearing. Never before, in the whole history of medicine, have doctors been so well equipped with real knowledge, combined with critical receptivity, as they are at this present time. Fortunately or unfortunately, however, incredulity and cynicism have, among our intelligentsia, developed even more rapidly than have knowledge and skill among the doctors. The ancient bluff of the practitioners of medicine is being recognised and being called, just when increasingly that bluff is being voluntarily surrendered. More than a hundred years ago, Charles Colton

observed that " no men despise physic so much as physicians, because no men so thoroughly understand how little it can perform." Hitherto, doctors have, for the most part, made their ironic pronouncements only within esoteric professional circles. Lately, some of the bolder and more " exhibitionist " physicians have come out into the journalistic market-place and honestly and stridently proclaimed to the public their repudiation of the semi-divine status assigned to them by disappearing convention. This candour has not yet proved so helpful in raising the status of the profession as might have been hoped. No matter how unsound its basis, it is dogmatism that secures the confidence of nine patients out of ten—even among those we call the cultivated. It is to the slightly diminished self-assurance, the slightly increased intellectual modesty of the better sort of twentieth century doctor, that much of the present-day success of the swell " irregulars " is due.

As Dr. Gregory, nearly two hundred years ago, felt compelled to acknowledge, " Some impelled by necessity, some stimulated by vanity, and others anxious to conceal conscious ignorance, have had recourse to various means and unworthy arts to raise their importance among the ignorant, who are always the most numerous part of mankind. Some of these arts have been an affectation of mystery in all their writings and conversations relating to their profession ; an affectation of profound knowledge, inscrutable to all, except the adepts in the science ; an air of perfect confidence in their own skill and abilities ; and a demeanour solemn, stately, and highly expressive of self-importance." Nevertheless, the layman may reasonably be asked to halt before concluding that every time the physician in act or word bends truth to meet the curves and zig-zags of expediency, he is impelled by motives purely self-regarding. Medicine has been defined as an art of dilemmas, and its practitioners are constantly being called upon for prompt action. A choice must be made and a decision taken long before the contemplative faculty can be furnished with all the possibly relevant facts. Every medical rule, therefore, has continually to be broken—a compromise to circumstance. " When in obscure and dangerous places, we must not contemplate, we must act, it may be on the instant." In these circumstances words tend to

be used much as drugs and surgical instruments are used, that is, to produce desired results, rather than as means of conveying truth.

Unfortunately this is not the whole truth.

It is often said that the standard of medical conduct, both inter-professional and as between doctor and patient, has become more sordid, more commercialised, in the last quarter of a century—that is, since the starting of the Health Insurance system—than it was before. My own experience leads me to the opposite conclusion. I was in active medical practice for about seventeen years before the Health Insurance Act was introduced, and I have been in busy practice ever since. To the competent and conscientious doctor, so far as professional conduct goes, times and systems make little difference. According to his lights, he does his best for his patient, and plays the game by his medical colleagues as well as he can, whether the conditions of his work are easy or hard. But such men do not constitute the majority in any trade, profession, or occupation in the world. In the conduct of most, circumstances and self-preservative expediencies play a determining part.

One of the earliest inter-professional incidents with which I was brought into personal contact was when, at about the age of 23, I bought a small practice in West Cornwall. I had swallowed, perhaps not quite holus-bolus, the exhortations of my medical seniors to observe the code the words of which have been so carefully reiterated for generations, and their assurance that I might expect the same observance from my professional neighbours. I had been called in to see a sick person who, so far as I knew, " belonged " to no other doctor. Actually, I was being made a convenience of, owing to my " fellow-practitioner " being absent at a picnic. Next day, he called on the patient and, seeing on the chest of drawers a bottle of medicine obviously not of his prescribing, made enquiries, and ascertained its sinister source. " Thank God you've only taken one dose of this stuff ! " he shouted to the patient, as he hurled the bottle through the bedroom window. " Another dose, and neither I nor any other doctor would have been much good to you." Needless to say, on my " colleague's " instructions, a note was sent to me telling me that I need not call again.

But it was not only as between doctor and doctor that the Hippocratic ethic was often strained. My own predecessor in that Cornish practice was a very fat man, who used to do his round on horseback. It was not easy for him to get on and off his horse ; and it was still more difficult for him to squeeze his way up some of the narrow staircases of the old-fashioned cottages. Often his diagnosis and therapy would take some such rough and ready form as this : Riding his horse up to the entrance door, on which the foot of the staircase almost abutted, he would push the door open, shout up the short stairway, " How do you feel today, John ? Put out your hand and let me feel your pulse ; " when he would stretch his arm and, resting the end of his riding whip on the old man's wrist, pronounce the situation good or bad.

Relatively harmless humbug of this kind—though usually a little less dramatic—is of course almost a daily incident in the practice of three doctors out of four. " Would you mind listening to my chest ? " I one day heard a hale and hearty stevedore say to a doctor of my acquaintance. There being no stethoscope handy, the doctor picked up a rubber catheter, attached an aural speculum to one end of it, and applied the other end to his ear. " Don't you want me to take my coat and shirt off ? " asked the patient. " No," answered the doctor, " I can hear through a brick wall with this thing." I once had an assistant who acquired a terrific reputation for " giving you a thorough examination." When he was not too pressed for time, this genial humbug would make every patient strip and lie full length on the couch whilst he investigated every crack and cranny of the body with the fictitious aid of all the non-cutting instruments in the cupboard. " I've never been properly examined before," many an old chronic would say.

Financially temptable though so many doctors are, the profession has a good reputation for generosity. Here is a story not so untypical of medical practice as some of the criticisms levelled at doctors by champions of vicarious chivalry would lead us to suppose. It is from a contribution to *The Times* concerning the late Sir Douglas Powell :

> " I recall his devoted attendance on a hopeless case many years ago, when he was at the height of his popularity and much over-worked. Nevertheless he visited this case every week for many months knowing that he could

do nothing but ease pain and give comfort to the dying invalid and the lonely surviving relative. I cherish a memory of that worn ascetic figure rushing up a long flight of stairs, standing calm and serene with his rare smile by the sick bed as if he had not another patient in the world, and then as soon as the door was closed, hurrying off to another case. It was a custom of this patient, who was by no means wealthy, to have a cheque ready . . . which was handed to him as he left the house. After many weeks he stopped one day on the doorstep and said to the relative. "Don't give me any more cheques, I only burn them."

Much of the present-day war against medical orthodoxy and medical narrow-mindedness takes the form of attacks on the General Medical Council. The constitution and the methods of the Council are certainly open to criticism, and the G.M.C. itself needs radical reconstruction; but most of the criticism actually levelled at it in the press and elsewhere is based on a misconception of its nature, its purpose, and the problems with which it has to deal. So uninformed are many of its critics, that the General Medical Council, which is a statutory body, as often as not is confused with the British Medical Association, a sort of scientific guild organisation, membership of which is entirely voluntary.

The Council was set up under the Medical Act of 1858 in order to secure the maintenance of an adequate standard of technical training in the medical schools, the effect of such training to be tested by approved examinations; and to organize the compilation of a Medical Register embodying the names of those who have undergone such a course of training and satisfactorily passed such qualifying examinations. The trained surgeons and physicians may well have favoured the formation of the Council for self-preservative rather than for social reasons; yet it is obvious that it is in the public interest that the unsophisticated shall have means of knowing whether or not a doctor has undergone an approved course of training and had a certain minimum of experience and passed certain tests of competence considered adequate by recognised leaders of the profession.

Section 29 of the Medical Act, however, provided that: "If any registered medical practitioner shall be convicted in England or Ireland of any felony or misdemeanor, or in Scotland of any crime or offence, or shall after due enquiry be judged by the General Medical Council to have been guilty of infamous conduct

in a professional respect, the General Medical Council may, if they think fit, direct the registrar to erase the name of such medical practitioner from the register." It is over the interpretation of this phrase " infamous conduct in a professional respect " that most of the disputation about, and denunciation of, the G.M.C. have revolved. The vagueness of the terminology is obvious. Many things which the Council today regards as " infamous in a professional respect " were certainly not so regarded in 1858. Personal advertising of the kind that led to the removal of Colonel Kynaston's name from the register, for instance, was almost universal amongst practitioners in the middle of the last century. So with the offence known as " covering." Long after 1858, unqualified persons were commonly employed by reputable and respected practitioners as assistants ; indeed, in many large practices, the unqualified assistant did nearly all the midwifery and attended most of the Poor Law and " club " patients. Sometimes the position was reversed, the unqualified practitioner being the employer, and the registered doctor his assistant.

It was only at the very end of the last decade of the last century that the G.M.C. adopted a resolution treating as " infamous conduct in a professional respect " the action of any registered practitioner who employed an unqualified assistant as a substitute for himself in the treatment of patients. At the same time, a warning notice was sent to all registered practitioners stating that thenceforth " any registered practitioner, who by his presence, countenance, advice, assistance, or co-operation, knowingly enabled an unqualified or unregistered person (whether described as an assistant or otherwise) to attend or treat any patient, to procure or issue any certificate, notification, report, overture, document of a kindred character, or otherwise engage in medical practice as if the said person were duly qualified and registered, would be liable to be judged as guilty of ' infamous conduct in a professional respect ' and to have his name erased from the Medical Register under the said enactment."

On the other hand, towards the end of the last century a Dr. Allbutt had his name removed from the register for writing a small handbook on contraception. That, of course, is no longer regarded as " infamous conduct " calling for penal

treatment. Almost automatically the Council removes from the register the name of any practitioner found guilty in an ordinary court of felony, or of adultery with a married woman who is his patient.

There is one matter about which there is a good deal of popular misconception, encouraged by men whose names have been removed from the register for advertising. The Council is debarred by its constitution from penalising the holding of any heterodox theory of medicine, or the adoption of any heterodox form of treatment. Moreover, in this country there is nothing to prevent any person, registered or unregistered, from practising medicine or surgery (with the exception of dentistry and the treatment of venereal disease) whether he is registered or unregistered; though he is, of course, liable to legal penalties if untoward results are proved to be consequent on his lack of care or competence. Towards the practitioner repeatedly found guilty of drunkenness, however, a strange tolerance is shown.

It will be seen that though, on the whole, the judicial and penal functions of the G.M.C. operate in the interests both of the medical profession and of the public, there is an unfortunate indefiniteness as to the nature of what, at any given time, will be held, by a small group of respectable Elders, to constitute infamous professional conduct. There are, also, plenty of technical criticisms to which the actual "trials" are open. Evidence is not taken on oath and, consequently, lies and libels can be uttered without fear of subsequent proceedings for perjury. A practitioner charged with an offence has no power before the trial to compel the divulgence of evidence that will be brought against him, nor has he any power to subpœna witnesses on his behalf. Opportunities for blackmailing and for vindictive charges are obviously many. It is, however, over certain decisions relating to charges of "covering" that the public indignation has raged most fiercely—the case of Dr. Axham being perhaps the outstanding example. Most of us disagree with the Council's action in that case, but the problem raised was not, and is not, so simple as Mr. Bernard Shaw would have us believe. If doctors are not to be allowed directly to advertise themselves—and it certainly is in the public interest that such advertising shall not be allowed—there is good reason

for prohibiting such indirect methods as professional co-operation with an unregistered practitioner who is free to advertise the joint venture to his heart's content. The fact that some of these unregistered practitioners, such as Sir Herbert Barker, are peculiarly expert in some special technique does not simplify, but rather confuses and complicates, the problem. The line separating the ignorant and fraudulent charlatan from more competent and more honest irregular bone-setters, or psycho-therapists, or other " specialists," is not easily to be drawn.

Admitting, however, that occasionally professional prejudice and an antiquated and unimaginative point of view lead to the penalising of enterprise and originality, the fact remains that, with very rare exceptions, the decisions of the General Medical Council are such as most unbiased persons, if familiar with the facts, would agree to be both just and expedient, whether regarded from the point of view of the profession or from that of society.

A CLERICAL PARADE

By Horace Thorogood

IT is difficult to realize, as one goes about rural England today, with its carefully-tended churches and the evidences everywhere of cordial relations between clergy and people, what different conditions prevailed a few centuries ago. The cold historical references fail to give us any vivid sense of them. It is only when one happens upon contemporary records that the distance of time is pierced, letting through glimpses of the reality.

The churches themselves, though so many that still stand have existed through centuries of good and evil times, show little evidence of their humiliations, as if the vagaries of men, though they might be noticed, were not worth remembering. Here and there, where, through special circumstances, neglect has continued down to modern times, one may come across a rural church which looks as if the pride had been beaten out of it by adversity. There is one of these ancients at Faxton, in Northamptonshire, a derelict village in the fields with no road to it, where a few years ago the cows used to keep the bell ringing in a tortured fashion all day by nibbling at the hay that bound the outside bell-rope. A service is held once a month to a congregation of four or five, but there is a dying air about the dilapidated structure: the past is dragging it under.

Generally, however, these venerable survivals face the future with undefeated serenity.

It is a heartening thing to see, for instance, a church like that at Chickney, in Essex, fully a thousand years old, and only occasionally used (the population having slowly ebbed away), but architecturally sound, content to be at hand for the time when human life shall steal back to the deserted countryside and need its ministrations once again. The troubles of ten

centuries have passed over it without weakening its faith or purpose.

Chickney stands in the midst of a county that suffered badly from a degenerate clergy in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. Searching through some old documents recently, I came across a copy of a complaint drawn up for presentation to Parliament, the date being, from internal evidence, about 1604. It was called " A Viewe of the State of the Clargie within the Countie of Essex," and was divided into two parts, the first giving the names of " the diligente and sufficiente preachers together with their severall livings and values," and the second the names of " the ministers wch be either non-Residents, Double beneficed, or noe preachers." The second list was by far the longer, and in addition to the interesting light it threw on a system which gave livings to clergymen who, in some cases, did not go near their parishes for years at a stretch, it described as remarkable a collection of reprobates and eccentrics as one could wish to find in a single gallery. The language in which their characters are set down, and their treatment of their sacred office is illustrated, has a pithy vigour that brings them vividly before the mind's eye.

How, for instance, could a livelier pen portrait than this be put into as few words ?—

> " . . . a comon horsleech and cowleeche, and thereby offensive, and notwithstanding that complainte hathe beene made thereof in the specall Courts, yet he contynueth still practisinge the same, a verye ympfecte reader, and omytteth the hard names in readinge or ells readeth them soe absurdlie that he movethe thereby muche laughter, he is beside a notorious swerer."

One can see the uncouth fellow in his pulpit struggling with the long words, while the congregation grinned at one another and the clerk sniffed distastefully the air that the horseleech defiled. And here is a passage that causes a different, gruesome picture to leap out of the past from the yellowed pages :

> " He beats his wief an anciente woman oute of doares in shamfull and cruell sorte her haire aboute her eares beinge all in goare bludd."

Several of the clergy are named as being " scarce able to read." Drunkenness, swearing and immorality are frequent accusations. " He is a drunckard, a common swerer a curser a

railer uppon pticular psons even in the pulpet . . . a favorer of adoulterie . . . a verie prophane and rediculous preacher," runs one indictment. " A comon stealer of deer with grayhounds, often convented to the assises and sessions for the same " is mentioned. One is " a notorious userer and otherwise infamous."

Gambling seems to have been a favourite diversion. But the vicar who was so fond of the cards that " for wante of companie he plaieth often tymes both games himselfe and chafe if either game goe not to his mynde, as if he were plaiinge with another and had lost his monney," must have been a rare enthusiast.

For the duty of preaching there was evidently widespread distaste. A parson who had not preached for forty years is cited. One of these " dumbe preachers," as the " Viewe " terms them, is complained of for denying others to preach in his church and forbidding his people to hear sermons elsewhere. The parson at Packelsham was " alsoe scholmaster of Eaton Schole and is there residente and cometh but 2 or 3 sundaies in the yere to this benefice." As for Mr. Greenwood, vicar of Sampford and Hempsted parishes, he, poor fellow, " hathe beene lunatike manie yeares and not able to preach."

When the vicar did preach, the sermon was often calculated to shock rather than edify, as in the case of that one who is accused of " callinge honest woemen in the pulpet whoores and drabbes and tellinge fond tales there of the devill in a red cappe etc." He, it is added, was " openly infamous for havinge together more wives than one, for comon whordome with a pedlar's daughter and a tinker's wief and others of like sorte."

The humour of many of the incidents appeals to us today more than the impropriety that shocked the reporters of them. There is the case of the vicar who had not preached in his church for 30 years, yet " he hathe and still dothe much trouble a godlie preacher hired there at the chardge of the pishnrs his manner is moste comonlie to sleepe in the sermon tyme there beinge in the viewe of the people to the evill example of others." Parson Addam, vicar of Erlscolne and Whitcolne, who " seldome preacheth " and " then unpffitablie, for the most parte the labours of other men,"—

" begineth ofte tymes to saye service as he is goinge to his seate, he readeth the psalmes and chapters unrevendlie with his hat on his head, gapinge and yaneinge as if he were half a sleepe."

Here is a scene one would like to have witnessed. The parson concerned is " a preacher of falce Doctryne, a comon and grevous swerer, a comon gamster and a contentious person " —a difficult customer altogether, although one can catch hints, in these censorious judgments, of that absence of charity towards the failings of other people which characterized the rustic laity of those days. Of this man, it is written :

" He givinge notice to his pishnrs that he would preache there the nexte sobothe the people thereuppon beinge assembled he came rydinge unto them to the Churche, the people askinge him if he would not staye to preache there he swore soe God should Judge his soule he muste and would goe seeke his dogge wch he said was stolne wch he would not loose as he said for a sermon."

There are other incidents which pull our sympathies rather to the side of the parsons, who obviously found the puritanical reproaches of their flocks hard to endure patiently. One such, " being moved by one of his pishners that praiers and fastinge mighte be used there as in other pishes," answered.

" Wherefore should we praye and faste soe muche, to muche prayer and fastinge for one thinge is not good. To another whoe asked him whie he had not prayers and fastinge in that pishe he answered saieinge careleslye tushe let us studie to gette a good market for our hoppes nowe we have lost Sturbridge fayre."

Much of this card-playing, drunkenness and other misconduct of the resident clergy of those times can be attributed to the boredom of rural life in that chill and marshy corner of the land. They were, for the most part, educated men, who could have found very little in common with their bucolic congregations. They must have been dreadfully lonely. It was no doubt more the lack of the decent society they would have preferred which drove them to the alehouse and the gaming-table. Happily, peace and goodwill reign today in the pleasant Essex villages where once parson and people lived in enmity.

EBB AND FLOW

By Stephen Gwynn

A Monthly Commentary

Forgetting the League

COMPLETE disappearance of all reference to the League of Nations has been a lamentable mark of these last weeks all over the Continent, at least until the present Assembly met. Only two notable voices had reminded us that such an institution existed: M. Benes, for Czechoslovakia, reaffirmed his allegiance; General Smuts in South Africa attributed the dangers which we all see rampant in armed Spain to Europe's falling away from the League's principles. Since these two men have perhaps more personal authority among those who desire a civilized order than any other statesmen now in power, at least a rallying point is maintained. For unless we can get back to the League, we are on the rapid downward way to civil war of European civilization. Fortunately, one can add the qualifying adjective " European " ; for America is disposed to take warning by Europe's plight, and under the auspices of President Roosevelt is projecting what looks like a League to keep America, North and South, out of this modern barbarism.

Meanwhile, no State in Europe even pretends to look to the League for protection of its rights ; perhaps not even for a judicial assertion of them. The reason is that no State in Europe can count on either England or France to incur grave risks even when the League's most vital principles are at stake. They all know that England and France will move where either feels its own existence threatened ; but unless the threat is felt equally by both, there is no assurance that they will move together—if " moving " means more than making a protest. On the other hand, all States believe both Germany and Italy capable of most enterprising action, but certainly not for the League's sake.

Nobody has even thought of proposing that the League should call on its members to refrain from supplying munitions or money to either party in Spain's civil war. Probably it was felt that if this step were taken, it would be almost an incitement to those Powers which have left the League or have had dissensions with it. Diplomacy of the old school has had to take command. The French Government with excellent promptitude invited the European Powers to pledge themselves. M. Blum gave proof not only that he is a good European but that he is a capable statesman ; for his public action barred the way against a torrent of pressure from his left wing supporters, urging him to take sides with the Socialist Government. His action had unexpected success ; Italy acceded, probably to show good will towards France ; Germany acceded, probably to conciliate favour in England. But it is also probable that Italy was influenced by a fear lest Germany might seize an occasion to acquire concessions either in the Mediterranean or on the Moorish coast ; and Mussolini must have seen that by giving his assent at once he placed Hitler in the position of having to follow his lead, or alienate all European opinion.

The Balkan Cockpit

In short, peace has been safeguarded, but not by any respect for international law or an international tribunal ; and at the same moment Europe is confronted with Hitler's decision to double the military strength of Germany. This has produced swift reactions ; General Gamelin's visit to Warsaw, where the Poles received him with enthusiasm, was immediately followed by the visit to France of the Polish Commander-in-Chief. Czechoslovakia intensified its preparations for defence. But in these countries, and in the others to the East and South-East of Germany, men are asking each other what prospect there is that France would act to repel German aggression in these regions, despite her treaty obligations ; while it must unfortunately be taken as certain that England will not go beyond a refusal to supply an aggressor in this quarter with means to succeed. That being so, it seems clear that every Englishman who is a good European should desire to see a close understanding between France and Italy ; for the prospect of united action by these two Powers, one of

which at least has the disposition to initiative, will produce a less enterprising temper in Germany. On the basis of that agreement it might be possible to build up again some confidence in the League of Nations, as an institution which can guarantee to the nations composing it security against invasion of their territory.

Russian Justice

A difficulty is created by Russia's persistent practice of " moral and intellectual " invasion, through subsidized propaganda. This, however, stands on a different plane. Nations can prohibit and punish such propaganda, exactly as the Russian State would do if the like were attempted in Russia. Great Britain does not feel the need to adopt such measures. Both Germany and Italy do, and probably in both there is a secret propaganda which at a chance might have violently explosive results. Spain is cited as an awful example of what can be done through Russian influence ; and we have the notable fact that conspicuous Liberals, such as Profesor Unamuno, who has suffered for his Liberalism, and Señor Madariaga, one of Spain's ablest spokesmen, have declared against the Government and for the insurrection. But it does not seem that they have declared against it because it was inspired by Russian ideas ; rather because it did not give ordinary protection to the ordinary citizen ; in a word, because it denied justice. Perhaps one should say that it dispensed justice according to Russian ideas; but these cannot easily be reconciled with the notions of justice that prevail generally throughout Europe—though indeed they bear a close resemblance at times to the practice of Nazi Germany. Stalin's drastic purge of his party was carried out with a parade of legal forms that Hitler in June, 1934, thought unnecessary, or perhaps dangerously slow ; but whether it was much less arbitrary may be doubted. Still, by whatever means, all the accused were induced to admit their guilt with a truly Russian exuberance of detail ; and as most, if not all, of them were leading actors in the Russian Terror, the world at large will not be much concerned for their fate ; especially as Trotsky, who ought to know, assures us that all the true Bolsheviks are being exterminated, and that Russia is on the way to become governed less by purely Bolshevik ideals.

However, it will be a long time before the name Bolshevik ceases to be a serviceable term of abuse, levelled against anything suspect of radicalism in other European lands. It was a long time after the French Revolution before any respectable person could call himself a democrat without some risk. Nowadays, in England, who so respectably conservative as your champions of democracy? In France the conversion, or inversion, has been less complete. Under the Republic a section of society remained passionately monarchist because it was denied a monarch. Only the English genius contrived to have it both ways, democracy and monarchy together; whereas the presence in France of this standing challenge to the very name of democracy produced an obsession. Since there was, and is, throughout the country a genuine attachment to democratic principles, no government could lean towards the Right, without becoming suspect of infidelity. It has been always thought necessary for those in power to parade a suspicion of those whom the country either suspected or was believed to suspect.

Party Feeling in France

At present, however, party feeling has not this quality of parade. By general consent it was never so bitter. When an unexpected triumph put the Socialists in a position to take office, physical resistance appears to have been expected. Yet M. Blum's order for disbandonment of the Croix de Feu was obeyed. Unhappily this submission only bred arrogance among the victors, and arrogance provoked resentment, which increased when Colonel de la Rocque saw that workmen and employees, on strike, were allowed to take possession of the workshops in which they had served, and hold them illegally in pawn. Law which was enforced against an organization, at most suspect of illegal intentions, was not enforced against actions, admittedly illegal. This partiality was resented even more than the threat to the whole institution of private property—which certainly is less secure than it was.

It has not mended matters that Parliament, conforming to the electoral manifestation, has allowed M. Blum to carry out his programme of legislation without the usual process of detailed discussion. Even those who thought it desirable that Socialism should be given rope enough to hang itself have not been grateful

to the legislators for facilitating measures which seem likely to produce financial and economic chaos ; neither have the victorious Socialists been at all appeased by a submission which had nothing cordial in it. There is a general soreness in all minds. Yet under these discouraging conditions M. Blum has contrived to win for France at least the appearance of leading European policy by his initiative in the European agreement to stand neutral in the Spanish contest. For this he has received some commendation from journals that represent the centre parties (notably *Le Temps*), who no doubt bestow it with a touch of malice. Nothing disparages a politician of the Left more than praise from the Right ; and some of M. Blum's supporters, especially M. Jouhaux, head of the C.G.T. (Confédération Générale du Travail), have advocated ardent support of the Government which in Spain claims to have all the workers behind it.

M. Blum's Strong Position

On the whole, M. Blum's position seems a strong one. It has much resemblance to that of Mr. de Valera in Ireland, because there is no figure in the Opposition ranks who makes a stronger appeal to the popular imagination, while on his own side there is no one apparently qualified to replace him. In the ordinary French routine, when a Minister is forced to resign, someone very similar puts together a very similar administration and all goes on much as before. But the essential character of M. Blum's ministry is that Socialist parties for the first time accept part of the ministerial responsibility along with men from groups nearer to the Centre ; and it is unlikely that this combination could be secured under any other personality. Further, the disposition to put an end to the legislation through fear of its financial consequences is checked by a stronger dread of menace to liberty. Frenchmen are seriously concerned by the prospect of finding themselves with a new Fascist state on the only frontier where France had nothing to fear. I find this outweighing even the prospects of a devalued franc with intelligent people, who have every reason to be anxious about their fixed incomes.

What is more, M. Blum has avoided the gravest of all dangers. Every country must have a professional military class which ought to keep itself and the whole army out of politics, and ought also

to feel itself free from the consequence of political changes. In Spain, neglect of this principle led to the civil war. In France I see no evidence that any soldiers or class of soldiers feel their personal interest threatened because M. Blum is in power. This means the more because the army is the one real expression of the unity of France—recognized by monarchists and democrats alike. It should be observed also that M. Blum has declared his conviction that in order to maintain peace, it is necessary to be ready to fight. And peace, apparently, to him means not defence of the French frontiers, but the peace of Europe.

The Right Way in Egypt

How far M. Blum feels able to count on support from England is uncertain. England does not figure largely in the French view of affairs at present, though the cordial and continuous support given to France's proposal of a general abstention from the Spanish conflict is recognized. Apart from this, there are references, for the most part somewhat unfriendly, to the recognition of Egypt's independence. That is regarded in France as a final defeat for a long-pursued British policy. Time must show; but evidently in the circumstances, complete concession, made in time, on a basis of friendly negotiation, was the way of wisdom. For once the right thing has been done in the right way; and it is possible that the vast venture which in India moves slowly to the launching point may falsify all dogmatism about the possibility of union between East and West. If so, India will have no less reason than Great Britain to desire the presence of a friendly Mohammedan Power close to the Suez Canal, that delicate joint in the Commonwealth's communications. Friendly understanding with Egypt was essential to be achieved for the chances of a new regime in India; and fifty years hence the question whether White or Red prevailed in Spain at this moment will almost certainly seem a very small matter beside the development of self-government among those hundreds of millions of Orientals who have been held for centuries so closely under Western rule.

Yet at this moment the possible consequences of a war in Spain between contending principles even more than parties, and of

Hitler's new advance towards a paramount military position in Europe, concern us all. Unrest is everywhere. In Rumania, M. Titulescu, who has been among the outstanding European figures since the war, was suddenly dismissed from power ; and the general commotion showed Europe's nervousness. It was held to signify a disposition in Rumania to accept Herr Hitler's lead—and the result would be a break up of the Little Entente, so largely the work of M. Titulescu. It was held also to mean a turning away from the understanding with Soviet Russia on which Czechoslovakia's safety so greatly depends.

M. Tardieu Attacks the System

In regard to all these matters, no one knows where England stands. For leadership, those States in Europe which hope to prevent predatory war must look to France ; and it is notable that the Socialist Government, in spite of its financial embarrassments, has answered the German challenge by launching a new and expensive programme of defensive armaments. No one need deny M. Blum the quality of leadership, which is certainly not conspicuous among French politicians of today. One man, who had it, has retired from the parliamentary scene, though not from political life ; and opinion is perplexed as to the reasons why M. Tardieu has taken this course. He himself evidently thinks that a man who in twenty years of parliamentary life has been eleven times in office and thrice Prime Minister, has a chance to be listened to when he says that experience leads him to regard the whole machine as rotten and unworkable. " Sack the lot," Lord Fisher used to reiterate ; but M. Tardieu is more coherent. It is the system which he attacks, not the men ; and it is not democracy which he attacks. His brochure *Alerte aux Français*, now sold at the price of a franc, is a proposal to make democracy real and sovereign. He wants to recast the whole electoral system, so that, first, everybody shall have a vote, men and women alike, and that parents shall vote for their children also ; and secondly, that everybody shall be obliged to vote, just as to serve in the army. Further, he wants proportional representation, and he wants a referendum. His whole purpose is to break up the power of organized minorities to control a Parliament which when elected has a free hand for a period of several years. Obviously,

he wants to be rid of the control exercised at present by the C.G.T. But that is only a detail, though perhaps the most important one, in the general disorder of a system " which has neither been able to create authority nor to defend liberty."

It is not clear from his brochure by what means he proposes to proceed—for he must know, like any other writer, that even the ablest publicist cannot upset a regime by the power of the pen alone. And I have not, even in quarters where M. Tardieu's record and his ability are most respected, met anyone convinced that his course was wise. He does not inspire confidence. Still, his purpose is if anything rather to dogmatize. He wishes to *éclairer*, to open men's eyes ; and certainly in the series of books whose conclusions this pamphlet condenses, he has given us much to look at that is neither edifying nor reassuring.

A Poet of France

Yet I have found some relief in comparing M. Tardieu's propaganda with writing of quite another sort—the work of a young poet, Henri Franck, who died before the war ; who was Jew as well as Frenchman, and none the less a Frenchman because he was a Jew. Any who doubt of this should read the Foreword written by the Comtesse de Noailles to introduce his poem, whose title *Dancing before the Ark*, proclaims the hereditary pride of this " young Levite." It is a pilgrimage in search of God ; each revelation of the Divine in turn delights and fails to satisfy. First comes boyish pride of admission to Israel's ancient discipline and ceremonies ; then when the adolescent mind rises in revolt against their frigidity, comes the revelation of life itself, friendship in the lovely company of youth, when lads toss ideas to each other like balls in their play. Exquisite passages, like springs of running water, describe all this ; but then comes manhood, separating the band, each isolated by the individual ambition that grows in each like a child in the womb. And so, from the youth of France, he turns to France itself, and lavishes his adoration on the country and its tongue—which is the tongue that God employs when He would express His mind to the angels :

> Il est comme un visage expressif et mobile,
> Il est l'armée docile au chef intelligent
> Et la route royale où l'esprit tout entier

Peut s'avancer à l'aise.
Comme le glaive ardent que maniait l'archange,
Epée de la raison, il éclaire et sépare,
Arrête et délimite, indique et circonscrit—
Il a le son du rire, il est la voix du juste,
Le bruit de la clarté et de la certitude,
La nette expression de l'être intérieur.

Praise of the country follows, not less enchanting; and then, once more, the antistrophic passage of disillusion—which says in brilliant poetry what M. Tardieu says in brilliant prose:

La discorde est assise au centre de la ville
Et souffle avec fureur dans un clairon faussé;
Le Parlement est sans vertu et sans pensée;
Les propos y sont bas, les mains y sont avides.

And that is only the beginning of a diatribe; bourgeois, who have neither enthusiasm nor valiant culture; peasants, whose sons maim themselves to avoid military service; narrow pedant schoolmasters, cruel to children who salute the priest; pious Catholics who think it piety to rail against France; magistrates without weight of authority—but here I quote again:

La richesse inactive, endormie dans les coffres,
Ne sert ni grand dessein ni chanceuse entreprise.
Les banquiers ont l'esprit étroit, mesquin, cupide,
Et par leur gestion, avare et sans noblesse,
Contrecarrent souvent l'intérêt du pays.

. . . . .

Partout l'ennui, la nonchalance, l'amertume,
Un découragement pèse sur ce pays;
Et comme les pillards rôdent à la barrière
De la ville où un grand incendie se propage,
Et qu'une vie trop riche et basse décompose,
On entend remuer à la frontière ouverte
La lourde légion des Germains affamés.

If that were written today, it would be well worth quoting. How much more interesting that it was written in 1913, by a poet who did not live to see the war! However, my purpose in calling attention to this poem was not one of literary criticism. But I have seldom read anything more expressive of what the constant excellence of France is worth to Europe, or of the danger in which, through her besetting infirmities, France today and every day must stand.

THE FORTNIGHTLY LIBRARY

FRUITS OF PHILOSOPHY

By R. Ellis Roberts

OBITER SCRIPTA, by George Santayana. *Constable.* 10*s.*

RE-PERUSALS AND RE-COLLECTIONS, by Logan Pearsall Smith. *Constable.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

It was Max, in a memorable essay, who pointed out that perambulation was a foe to talk; and he must, if ever he has heard the word "hiker," have decided that he was, as usual, right. What can you say on a hike except "hallo!" or "So long?" I have been wondering, since I read these two books, whether one could not put forward a plausible case that all the more violent forms of activity, unless they are therapeutic or spring from light-bodied spontaneity, are enemies not only of conversation but of culture. For the cultured man, though he may have other distinguishing marks, is chiefly remarkable for two things: he thinks and he reads. That is, he wishes to gain knowledge about himself and about other people. How far we have deserted that ideal occupation is evident from the discussions about how, in the world of short hours and high wages, we shall spend our leisure. Imagine such a discussion in Periclean Athens! Isn't it obvious that the exercise of reason and the pursuit of the arts can, to a cultured man, fill more of a leisure than he is ever likely to enjoy until, resting on fields of asphodel, he is reading books printed—as a precautionary measure—on asbestos? We are told to use our leisure in all kinds of ways, some repulsive, some inoffensive, some merely foolish; but the civilized man will still be obstinate in his preference for the two old ways—thought and reading.

For see the consequences of that habit in such men as Mr. George Santayana and Mr. Pearsall Smith. Could anyone desire better company than is to be found in the books of these authors who, in spite of some considerable differences, are of the same world? Each is expatriate; though, while Mr. Santayana carries Spain and its culture in his heart, Mr. Pearsall Smith feels for America only a faint, alarmed nostalgia, modified by acute distaste. Each returns again and again to religion—Mr. Santayana rather in the mood of an agnostic who still recognizes his membership of the confraternity and takes his place as a carrier of one of the holy images on a feast day; Mr. Pearsall Smith in the more peevish guise of a lad, standing outside the meeting-house door, kicking a stone or two, whistling a little, even temerariously taking out a cigarette—but all the time liable to be entranced by the periods of some Jonathan Edwards as that sombre and burning rhetoric blazes hell out of the chapel window. Each has a delicate reverence for the past, and each a delicate wit for the present. Mr. Santayana is a philosopher; Mr. Pearsall Smith is a sceptic who is inclined to think philosophy may still, as it were, pull it

off. And each of them has a style.

In one of the best of his essays Mr. Pearsall Smith defends Fine Writing against the hair-shirt and grit school, the critics who would forbid a writer of prose to enjoy himself and are tempted to think that Basic English is not a convenience but an ideal. Mr. Pearsall Smith is almost too polite to their sillier opinions—for instance, that the style of at least one half of the English Bible is "atrocious," and that Renan's *Vie de Jésus* is superior, as writing, to the Gospels. Of course this fantastic nonsense is not new; there was the gentleman who, shocked by the vulgar crudeness of "Jesus wept" altered it into "The Creator of the Universe burst into a flood of tears;" and there was Dr. Washington Moon who complained that the translator of the Fourth Gospel asserted that God's first name was John—there was a man sent from God whose name was John. Mr. Pearsall Smith's argument in favour of fine writing is merely part of the general defence of culture against a stupid and rigorous regimentation. Another essay in this book is the well-known introduction to Donne's sermons; it is admirable, yet I miss that real understanding of Donne's faith which could alone make such an essay a masterpiece. Mr. Pearsall Smith is always a little nervous when he approaches religion, especially catholicism; and his paper on Michael Field, in spite of some felicities, is spoiled by rather too knowing an archness. Miss Bradley and Miss Cooper were not only, as he has discovered, good poets; there was, in these last years, more than a touch of sanctity about them—and it is not fitting to be arch about the saints. The papers on Gertrude Jekyll, on Maginn, on English Aphorists could not be better; and the essay on Proust before he was overwhelmed by time past is an admirable example of Mr. Pearsall Smith's capacity to take a new and unusual view of his subject.

In his essay on Aphorists Mr. Pearsall Smith quotes the saying of Churton Collins: Truth is the object of philosophy, but not always of philosophers. Mr. Santayana is not subject to that gibe. However much he may be criticized as a philosopher, there is no question that he is eager to greet truth if he can find it. Sceptic as he is, Mr. Santayana will not rest in scepticism; for he sees clearly enough that there is no validity in any scepticism which stops short at a denial which is intolerable.

> To deny the reality of one's friends, though possible to a determined sceptic, is idle and in the end dishonest; because we can be sure of nothing, and can believe nothing, if we do not allow ourselves to believe and to be sure that we are in contact with a substance not ourselves when we fight, love, or talk.

He will not use his reason to make nonsense of that which he uses; and surely he is right here, for one cannot after all posit a universal scepticism without assuming the reality of that which a complete scepticism must refuse to admit. So, in some of these essays, Mr. Santayana in that enchanted style of his deals with the age-old problems of the philosopher and examines with shrewdness, unfailing tolerance and a wisdom that is at moments a little weary, other philosophies. The best of the philosophical essays are those on Spencer's Unknowable, on Spinoza, and on Some Meanings of the word "Is"—this last a fascinating examination of the interdependence of thought and language.

Obiter Scripta, however, is not confined to philosophy: and readers who remember *Soliloquies in England* will turn eagerly to the general essays and the papers on literary subjects. One section, modestly called *A Few Remarks*, illustrates the colour of the author's philosophy more deeply than his formal writing. Take, for instance, this—"If it be frivolous to live in the present, is it

not vain to live for the future? And how many are concentrated and contemplative enough to live in the eternal?" And how sound is the little essay on Money:

> Money, as the modern rich man disposes of it, is not wealth of a natural sort. Natural wealth would consist of visible objects in a man's possession, which the curious and admiring eye might catch glimpses of in his hand or in his shop or behind his park gates. . . . the modern rich man is not the obvious lord of anything. His mysterious wealth is homeless, nominal, immaterial; it consists of the force of words written upon paper. We live in a fog of finance. The capitalist hardly knows what goods or works or rights or projects his bonds and shares represent; his function is merely to sign cheques and to receive other paper, and on distributing this, to be fed and clothed magnificently as if by magic.

It is tempting to quote from the wise and humorous *Penitent Art*, from *What is Aesthetics* and from *Proust on Essences*; but I must be content to name them, and to urge all students of Shakespeare to add to that short list of indispensable Shakespeareana the essay on Hamlet. How admirable and illuminating in that essay is Mr. Santayana's distinction between the Ghost and those supernatural beings which intruded in Greek tragedy. "This ghost is a party to the conflict, an instigator of sinister thoughts, a thing hatched in a nest of sorrows. . . . We feel that not Hamlet the Dane, but the human soul in its inmost depths is moonstruck and haunted."

I know no study of the play which so clearly shows its relation to the modern world, not only that world of which Shakespeare was the greatest voice, but of our own world in which all sensitive men find themselves so terribly confronted with the choice of Hamlet who represents to the critic "the failure of emotional goodwill, and of intelligence inclined to embroider rather than to build."

JEN SHENG: THE ROOT OF LIFE, by Mikhail Prishvin. *Melrose.* 5s.

In his short preface to this unusual nature book, Professor Julian Huxley compares it to Jefferies' *The Story of My Heart*. The comparison is a little misleading and not quite fair to Mr. Prishvin. It is true that his search for the mandrake plant ("the Root of Life") is given a symbolical value, but the point is not unduly stressed. It is true also that the book is somewhat in the nature of a record of the struggle in one man between the lover who desires to preserve and the hunter who desires to slay, but here again the theme is not predominant. Mr. Prishvin is a scientist as well as a nature lover, and it is the objective manner in which he mainly tells of what he sees that gives *Jen Sheng* its value. His account of the years spent in these Manchurian forests has the scientist's exactness as well as the scientist's abhorrence of anthropomorphism. He seldom gets between the reader and the spotted deer which live throughout his pages. He describes himself as living in the depths of the Manchurian forests alone with a Chinaman, half mystic, half trader; and it is from this Chinaman that he gains much of his extraordinary knowledge of these most attractive creatures. By the end of the book he has demonstrated the possibilities of adding another domesticated animal to the list of those that were already tamed before the dawn of history. *Jen Sheng* is a short book, and should be read at a sitting. Read thus, one rises from it with the illusion of being still buried in the immense silence of those forests, where the lovely deer go about their shy and secret ways. One has really shared Mr. Prishvin's remarkable experiences as he watched them cropping the luxurious leaves, or looked into the flowerlike eyes of the fawns, or saw the stags battle with locked antlers in the mating season. The mysticism can be left to look after itself. C. H. W.

WALLS HAVE MOUTHS, by Wilfred Macartney. Commentary by Compton Mackenzie. *Gollancz.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

WILFRED MACARTNEY spent eight years in Parkhurst prison (1928-35) on a conviction of espionage. He is a Communist and he came in for the Jixian outburst of Bolshiphobia about the time of the Arcos Raid; his sentence, therefore, was heavier than it might otherwise have been. This book, rambling but detailed and vivid, describes the years of his imprisonment. There is no detail of prison life—at any rate at Parkhurst, by no means the harshest of English prisons—of which we can any longer plead ignorance. The horrors of solitary confinement, of flogging, and the occasional brutality of jailors are by no means the most striking part of the book, which appals, rather, by its record of continual petty meanness and restriction. Food is made as uneatable as possible not only by bad cooking and thefts in the kitchen, but by such regulations as that all meat must be steamed for half-an-hour before being roasted (presumably, to make it tasteless). The prisoner who receives visits or writes letters is surrounded by as many rules as an income-tax payer. Exercise consists in walking in a ring round a yard; an improvised game of cricket or football would never do. A Christmas tea once a year, when the men are permitted to sit in a room together and even talk; books doled out from the library; a small tobacco allowance; an occasional lecture or concert—that is the most, officially, to which the criminal can look forward after years of good conduct. Macartney tells us that some prisoners, facing a long sentence, begin counting the days to their release on the day they enter prison.

Much depends on the character of the prison governor. Unsuccessful army men, as Macartney points out, do not necessarily make good governors; Parkhurst in this respect was lucky. By tactful and persistent pleading Macartney was able to extort a number of concessions, the most valued of which was permission to play chess. Home-made boards and chessmen, correspondence games carried out on lavatory paper, a muttered move in the corridor as two prisoners passed—this revolution staggered the jailors who did not know how to meet it. The appearance of a prison chess team, which met and beat a visiting club, completed their discomfiture.

But if chess, why not cricket? Prisoners succeed in organizing football pools, with small payments in tobacco—then why should they not actually play football? Instead of the lantern lecture by a visiting clergyman describing his honeymoon, why not a radiogram? The answer is that these things would bring pleasure.

Nearly all prison regulations are framed with the idea that the criminal must be punished; loss of liberty is not considered punishment enough; he must be punished also and humiliated in small ways. Every conceivable obstacle is put in the path of the prisoner who wishes to better himself, with the result that moral disintegration of some sort is inevitable with a long term of imprisonment. It must seem to everyone who reads Macartney's book that, quite apart from questions of humanity, this system is essentially futile. If the effect of imprisoning a man is to make certain that when he is released he will behave in such a way as to return to prison, why not make all sentences life sentences? Or if our aim is to educate criminals as citizens, then we should begin by some other method than demoralising them. You cannot go on punishing and reforming a criminal at the same time; and that is what at present we are trying to do.

G. W. STONIER.

"A. J. B."

By Robert Bernays, M.P.

ARTHUR JAMES BALFOUR: First Earl of Balfour, K.G., O.M., F.R.S., by Blanche E. C. Dugdale. *Hutchinson.* 18*s.*

There is a story of the late Lord Balfour that in old age he remarked to his brother Gerald Balfour that "looking back upon his political life he could not imagine a single occasion on which he had been wrong." To which his brother replied, "Neither can I, Arthur." I was reminded of this when reading the first volume of Mrs. Dugdale's biography. It is the tendency of all biographers to conceive themselves as the counsel for the defence, but in the case of Mrs. Dugdale it is accentuated. There is a little too much of the atmosphere of the adoring niece still sitting at the feet of "Nunky" in the charming but somewhat rarefied atmosphere of Whittinghame.

Is it possible for any man even of the calibre of Lord Balfour to be quite so right about everything? I doubt, for instance, whether any man who played a prominent part in the fight against Home Rule for Ireland and secured its postponement for forty disastrous years could really survey his handiwork with pride or satisfaction. Both Sir Austen Chamberlain and Mr. Baldwin indeed have freely admitted the measure of responsibility of themselves and their followers for the Treaty of 1921, a solution which as Mr. Baldwin has said neither party contemplated at the beginning of the struggle and from which both would have recoiled in horror. "I shall resist," wrote Lord Balfour in his election address in 1885, "to the uttermost any attempt to loosen the connection which has subsisted so long between Ireland and Great Britain under whatever disguises that attempt may be made." There is no suggestion throughout the book that in so doing he acted wrongly or that on looking back upon it with the knowledge of what that resistance has cost he found any occasion for regret.

But given the partisan character of the book it still remains an absorbing study of perhaps the most fascinating man of his day and generation. We see Lord Balfour first as the brilliant free lance in the tumultuous Fourth Party days telling the mighty Gladstone that the Kilmainham treaty "stood alone in its infamy," a remark which drew from the G.O.M. an indignant rebuke. Then comes the titanic struggle over the first Home Rule Bill and we get a charming glimpse of the Cecil family awaiting the result of the voting on the second reading.

> Lord Hugh Cecil, then a boy of sixteen, waited at the post-office, kept open for the receipt of a telegram. The note of triumph in his shouts as he ran up to the House with the paper was the first intimation they had of what had happened. They gathered at the North Door, Lord Salisbury emerging from his own room with Bulbul, the Persian cat, seated on his massive shoulder, the only totally unmoved participator in the scene. "It's too good," Lord Salisbury observed when he heard the figures. "They might resign on that. I want them to dissolve."

The Liberal Government did dissolve, and with the triumph of the Conservatives Balfour a year later becomes Chief Secretary for Ireland. His methods are open to question, but it is impossible not to admire the courage with which he pursued them. He had to resist in the House of Commons practically single-handed the opposition to the Crimes Bill, conducted by a body of men as persistent and resourceful as any that have ever appeared at Westminster. The battle lasted with only two interruptions from March 28th to July 8th. "Every day at Questions he had to face a fierce, skilful, prolonged bombardment. Every day when business opened, there were over eighty Irishmen, all more or less competent to attack the Crimes Bill, whereas he was almost the only man on the Treasury Bench equipped to argue in its defence." Undaunted by the dreadful fate of Lord Frederick Cavendish, he visited Ireland again and again though every time he crossed the Irish Channel he took his life in his hands. Resistance to the law only steeled his determination to pursue his policy of resolute government with even greater ferocity, finally in one instance carrying it to such extremes that even Lord Salisbury has to write to "my dear Arthur" to suggest that he "was carrying the policy a little farther than was wise."

We see Balfour as leader of the House, no longer the *enfant terrible* of militant Toryism, his opinions mellowed, full rein at last given to his undoubted constructive abilities, piloting the highly controversial but thoroughly sound Education Bill through the treacherous channels of debate. It was the foundation of the modern education system and "his was throughout the determining mind in forming its policy and subsequently in the tactics that carried it through the House of Commons." He was responsible, too, for the formation of the Committee of Imperial Defence and for equipping it with a Secretariat which proved quite invaluable to the Liberal Government which followed in their re-armament preparations.

Sandwiched between these great events there are some delightful pictures of Balfour's early life and home surroundings. There again is exhibited his astonishing personal courage. He determined with a Cambridge friend to coast down the Isle of Skye and actually crossed sixteen miles of open ocean to the Isle of Rum in a Rob Roy canoe, an adventure which, looking back upon, he did admit as "rather hare-brained." He was always ready to try everything and thus it is not surprising to find him as one of the first owners of a motor car. Indeed, he actually sets out after the General Election of 1900 on a journey from Whittinghame to Edinburgh to meet Lord Salisbury and discuss with him the personnel of his last administration in one of these new-fangled machines. "Every few minutes the head-lamps blew out (they were only bits of candle), and the unfavourable comments of the passers-by caused him to fear lest his meeting with the Prime Minister might be frustrated by the police. Therefore in Musselburgh he bought a large stable lantern and drove into Edinburgh waving it about from his seat beside the chauffeur."

One of the most entertaining chapters in the book is that which describes the family life at Whittinghame in the nineties where, surrounded "by an ecstatic giggling bodyguard of nieces," Balfour was the life and soul of every picnic.

It is altogether a charming book that Mrs. Dugdale has written and one that conveys not merely the picture of a man but of a period—the last and perhaps the greatest age of an aristocracy that governed through Parliamentary institutions.

THE LAW OF PEACE, by C. van Vollenhoven. Translated by W. Horsfall Carter. Preface by Jonkheer W. van Eysinga. *Macmillan*. 10*s*. 6*d*.

It is a curious reflection that, amid the spate of literature evoked by the prospective reconsideration of the League Covenant, few contributions are likely to appear more timely or more relevant than this translation of a work written some five years ago by a distinguished teacher of international law who has since passed away. Built as it is upon profound study and exceptional knowledge of the past efforts of mankind in the cause of peace, Professor van Vollenhoven's book may claim a permanent value which will outlast much of the ephemeral discussion which the crisis of this year has aroused: it is perhaps more surprising to find expressed, at a date when the Disarmament Conference had hardly begun its ill-fated sessions, so correct a forecast of the difficulties with which we are now confronted, and so acute an analysis of weaknesses in the League system, as applied by sovereign states jealous of their freedom, which to most of us were not clearly apparent until a much later date. Continuous and momentous as have been the changes in the international situation since 1931-2, it is astonishing to find most of the author's criticisms and suggestions even more apposite today than when they were written.

In his historical retrospect, it is Dr. van Vollenhoven's thesis that more promising traces of a truly international organization are to be found in the Middle Ages, before the close of the fifteenth century, than in any intervening period down to the present day. These embryonic attempts he holds to have been hitherto unduly neglected. In these early days, unhampered by the conflicting interests of powerful national states, international trading associations were able to create more or less effective machinery for the protection of their members and for the peaceful solution of their differences, while the infraction of engagements involved, in theory at any rate, the impartial intervention of guarantors or "conservators of the peace." The author is perhaps inclined to make too much of the analogy between such organizations and the kind of machinery which he advocates for the creation of a "law of peace" in the modern world. The elements of arbitration, mutual protection and sanctions may have been present, but the machinery was not applied to the maintenance of international peace, and war could, and did, go on continuously between the sovereigns of the period, with but little disturbance to the independent activities of the merchant combines. The "law" was, in fact, operative only in a sphere within which there was little temptation to break it. The most that can be claimed is the existence of the germ of an international organization, and the very memory of it disappeared as soon as the political system of powerful sovereign states had developed, and had begun to interest itself, as after the discovery of the New World, in commercial enterprise.

From this time down to the War, according to Dr. van Vollenhoven, the claim of every sovereign state to complete freedom of action formed an inseparable barrier to the creation of any effective international law of peace. The Covenant of the League, as drafted, showed symptoms of a quite unprecedented change of heart in this respect. Article XXIII, for instance, implies some right of international intervention between a sovereign state and its subjects. Unfortunately, however, in the author's view, the old nationalist Adam crept in to destroy, by means of interpretation, much of the progress apparently gained.

In these circumstances, the author

despairs of Article XVI, but, unlike many of those who do so, remains convinced that without the sword the Covenant is a vain thing. He therefore pins his hopes for the future rather to making full use of Article XI, which he interprets in a more liberal sense than many international lawyers, as giving plenary powers to "the League" as an entity, rather than its individual members, and thereby laying the foundations of a truly international organization.

The moral driven home continually in these pages is, in fact, the futility of expecting the law of peace to operate without curtailment of the pretensions of national sovereignty.

> "A purpose of this kind implies that States are prepared to admit a real international supervision over their actions . . . once that sincere determination is acquired, it will only be a matter of a few years for the foundations of the structure to be laid; in the absence of that determination, there is going to be no escape from the era of wars without end."

A conclusion which readers will find stimulating or depressing, according to their temperament and their reading of the signs of the time.

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A. R. ORAGE. A Memoir, by Philip Mairet, with an Introduction by G. K. Chesterton. *Dent.* 8*s.* 6*d.*

MR. MAIRET has written an interesting book on Orage, who is a difficult subject for a biographer, for he approached but did not attain either success or greatness. Born in poverty, Orage attracted support at an early age, being taken up by the son of a wealthy Nonconformist. His patron, Mr. Howard Coote, got him a post at Leeds as a teacher in an elementary school. This, reasonably enough, did not satisfy Orage, who wrote to his Nonconformist Mæcenas to ask for a loan on which to graduate at Oxford. As Orage had just married, on eighty pounds a year, and had become a Socialist, Mr. Coote excused himself from giving any further encouragement to his erratic career. The incident is of interest, because it illustrates Orage's gift of attracting support, though his faculty in this direction naturally improved with age and experience.

While at Leeds Orage met Holbrook Jackson, who introduced him to Nietzsche. Nietzsche's intense but confused attempts to formulate the assertion of the will in a reasoned philosophy appealed strongly to Orage, and under Nietzsche's influence he left Leeds and his wife and went to London. He had no gift for commercial journalism, and his first year or two in London was a difficult period, but a wealthy supporter appeared and Orage bought the *New Age*, then almost defunct, for a small sum. His colleagues on the *New Age* were Holbrook Jackson and Arthur Penty, an enthusiast for handicrafts and small workshops. Holbrook Jackson did not last long, finding it impracticable, as Mr. Mairet puts it, to go on giving time to an unremunerative business. Mr Penty, who regarded remunerative businesses with mistrust, remained and wrote of National Guilds.

The *New Age* soon attracted attention, for Shaw and Wells, Chesterton and Belloc all skirmished in it. But Orage was always uneasy in his relations with the successful, and these well-known names presently dropped out. Arnold Bennett wrote a literary column for some time, but when he became famous, on the publication of "The Old Wives' Tale," Orage's esteem for him collapsed, and his work was disparaged in the columns where a short time previously he himself had been lacerating the successes of the day.

From National Guilds Orage passed to Social Credit. This was in 1919. Three years later he left the *New Age* and joined an institute at Fontainebleau, run by the occultist Gurdjieff. "Strong emotional reactions" Mr. Mairet writes "were induced in the pupils by the way their preceptor managed them; for he . . kept everything uncertain and unexpected, and continually provoked critical situations." Manual labour, and elaborate dancing to Tibetan music, were two of Gurdjieff's chief instruments for purifying his charges. The kind of critical situation he provoked is illustrated by the following episode. Orage, having spent the day in digging, was roused from bed and set to excavate a trench. He found it hard to keep his temper, and was about to throw the spade down when Gurdjieff appeared and took him back to a champagne supper. After fourteen months of this kind of thing, Orage went to New York to raise funds for Gurdjieff. There he met his second wife, who did not think highly of Gurdjieff, and eventually Orage decided to return to England, and take up once more his campaign on behalf of Social Credit. Mr. Mairet quotes a letter from J. C. Powys to Orage during his American period. "You alone" Powys writes "of all men of genius I have ever met seem totally to have conquered pride." The Fontainebleau foolery had not eradicated Orage's egotism, it had only drugged it for the time being. At a conference to discuss whether he should return to the *New Age* he remarked—"There are twenty-seven psychological types of men; of which only one is decisive for such action as we are discussing. If a man of the twenty-seventh type is present, but not otherwise, a group can arrive at effective decision." A man of the twenty-seventh type not being present, Orage had to find another paper. The *New English Weekly*, which he edited during the three or four years before his death in 1934, was a dim replica of the old *New Age*, and he died without retrieving the distinctive position he had once held in English journalism. A man of unusual powers, he had no centre round which to group them, and his achievment was not in proportion to the expectations he aroused.

HUGH KINGSMILL.

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AWAY FROM IT ALL, by Cedric Belfrage. *Gollancz.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

Away from it All is the notebook of an escapologist, or rather of a converted escapologist, an escapologist being "a person who looks the facts of life in the back of the neck, or by sheer force of imagination conjures them out of existence, or runs away from them." In addition to having been an escapologist, Mr. Belfrage is also a journalist (God help me, I hear him say) and will also, I hope, long before this review appears, be a best seller. He richly deserves that luck.

We have become so accustomed, nowadays, to travellers who travel rough, or in disguise or in thirty-foot boats or, sometimes, in clover, that it is highly refreshing to find a man travelling, except for a crazy bus-ride over desert between Damascus and Baghdad and a still crazier schooner ride between Auckland and the South Seas, by more or less ordinary routes to what have become, thanks to luxury cruises and I suppose to the sport of escapology in general, more or less ordinary places. Mr. Belfrage took a journey such as you or I might take, berthed in an armchair, down the travel columns of a Sunday newspaper, except that Spain is no longer calling—Spain, Palestine, Baghdad, Babylon, Bombay, Poona, Ceylon, Malaya, Bali, Sydney, New Zealand, Fiji, Tahiti, San Francisco. All extras, such as the bridge at Sydney, shades of Somerset Maugham and the breasts at Bali were, of course, thrown in. But what you and I are paying for is not this, but Mr. Belfrage, who proves himself from the very first page to be, in his own way, a first-class writer, witty, forthright, volatile, pungent, an ironist with a touch of sentiment and a damnably hard hitter. Having been paid for some years to cultivate a style in which unwed fornication=misconduct taking place, pregnancy=a certain condition, prostitutes=women of a certain class and which, generally, had as much relation to style as to knitting socks, Mr. Belfrage rushes out into free air like a boy rushing out of school, eager to be saying what he feels and not, by all the laws of escapology, what he is supposed to feel. The result is that we get an extraordinary vivid, unconventional and at times highly amusing picture of half the world, told in a style in which prostitute does=prostitute and in which a good many other words are afforded the same elementary privilege of being themselves.

But, also, we get something else. Mr. Belfrage, having worked for newspapers, knows the racket from the inside. From him we learn that kind of news which never, for some odd reason, gets into newspapers. Not the nice news, such as murder and suburban rape and misconduct taking place and enticement and nice escapologist news in general, but the news that stinks. The news that whereas oranges rotted in Palestine because there were not enough hands to gather them, they rotted in Spain because there were not enough mouths to eat them; the news that in Bombay "70 per cent. of the houses consisted of one room, and 17 per cent. of the working class were housed in one-roomed tenements with up to nine people in a room; that among people so housed the infant mortality was 577 per thousand"; that "natives were privileged in a ten- to twelve-hour day—to earn a stomach full of rice for themselves and families"; and a great deal of other news calculated, in escapologist language, to undermine the moral constitution and injure the moral tone. In short, and for a change, some truth. Almost the highest honour, in fact, that I can pay Mr. Belfrage is to say that no nice newspaper would print twenty consecutive unbowdlerized pages of his book. But I will go further and say that his book is great stuff—the most salutary travel book in years.

H. E. BATES.

ABROAD IN IRELAND, by John Gibbons. *Frederick Muller.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

It is uphill work trying to get the British public interested in Ireland. Since it ceased to be a political nuisance, its news-value, to most Englishmen, is insignificant. Mr. John Gibbons has undoubtedly hit upon the right approach. For Ireland today is essentially a foreign country and as such deserves to benefit by the conventional appeal to curiosity. One hopes that the attitude to the Irish of Lord Palmerston—"they were a charming people, of course, but as far as the practical things of this world went they were just as fitted to manage their own business as would be Hottentots"—will soon be as extinct as the dodo.

The author is agreeably reticent about Irish charm; and he has no axe to grind. But, as he roams about "the ordinary Ireland of the tours and townlets, railways and high roads," we are brought to see that self-government is an exhilarating reality and that these people are managing their own business very efficiently. To the vast-horizoned population of "free trade" England-Irish industrialism may seem rather a toy affair; but its social benefits are undeniable, though rarely recognized in our Press. At least it is more intelligent than the construction of those useless harbours and railway-lines to make work under the British rule. Three features of the new Ireland stand out: the extent of potential wealth waiting to be exploited—and which, under a de Valera will be exploited to serve social and national ends, not to the profit of a few absent land- or bond-holders. The earnestness of those who are doing the building of the new Jerusalem, with the undercurrent of melancholy which derives from the many scars of history and the tolerance and kindliness displayed by the overwhelming Catholic majority—in the Free State—to the Protestant remnants.

W. H. C.

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PARNELL: A BIOGRAPHY, by Joan Haslip. *Cobden-Sanderson.* 15s.

It takes courage for an Englishwoman to handle so prickly a topic as a life of Parnell. So much depends upon purely Irish thought and feeling and atmosphere. And it is beset with unfinished controversies as to fact and evidence. But Miss Haslip, greatly daring, has produced a most competently compiled and colourful narrative in an attractive volume. With great skill she has woven a closely compacted texture out of the materials drawn from an extensive bibliography. The pattern is diversified and elaborated sometimes with intricate detail. Her prose flows easily and carries her story forward with a gathering momentum. It is a book easy to read and it presents a most effective exposition of the author's views and impressions.

It would be idle to suggest, however, that Miss Haslip's book, interesting as it is, represents final judgment on the Parnell story. The sources from which it is drawn are of very different historical value and she has not always been careful to distinguish between evidence resting upon authentic record and evidence which is no more than the oft-repeated and much-embellished story of the raconteur or the anti-Parnellite propagandist. She is alive to inaccuracies and untruths in Mrs. Parnell's book, but the genesis, nature and object of the elaborate falsification imposed upon the work of its reputed authoress appear altogether to have escaped her. Yet they are all-important if the truth is to be established as regards the love story.

Again, the narrative stops short at Committee Room No. 15. Less than a half-dozen pages of Epilogue tells of the last titanic struggle after "the Split," of Parnell's marriage to Mrs. O'Shea, of his death and his public funeral. But at no point of his career did Parnell's amazing fortitude and genius stand out more conspicuously than in that almost single-handed fight against overwhelming odds. And no period of his life-work reacted more profoundly upon the fortunes of his Ireland. The influence of the Catholic Church in Ireland sustained a shock from which—fortunately or unfortunately—it never recovered. And from the ashes of Parnell's movement, after an interlude of debilitated and ineffectual parliamentarianism, arose Sinn Fein and its successful assertion of Irish independence. Parnell's last fight sowed the seed for the ultimate crop of armed men.

The main thesis of Miss Haslip is that Mrs. Parnell—she was Mrs. O'Shea for almost the whole of the story—was an attractive but wholly unworthy woman who completely dominated Parnell morally, intellectually and physically and—an equally extreme and original view—that, in the first flush of her love for Parnell, she was also receiving the marital attentions of Captain O'Shea. Everyone to their taste. Others who study the evidence at first hand will find it hard to believe that Parnell's genius which manifested itself continually in political action at Westminster and in Ireland could have issued from the dominance of a woman of no conspicuously brilliant intellect who professed herself, and was, both ignorant of and uninterested in politics. Nor is it in accord with general human experience that a woman, in the midst of a honeymoon with her lover, should develop an appetite for the *crambe repetita* of a discarded husband.

In developing her thesis Miss Haslip not infrequently overlooks facts that tell the other way. Thus she attributes the Galway Election episode to Mrs. O'Shea's influence. Yet it is now fully established that Parnell had been pressed both by Mr. Gladstone and Mr. Chamberlain to secure a seat for Captain O'Shea as an intermediary whose services they considered desirable. Mr. Chamberlain disclosed this in

December, 1891, and Mr. Harrington recorded that Parnell had privately told his followers the same at Galway. Again, the recorded facts of the 7th May, 1882, the day after the Phœnix Park murders, show that Captain O'Shea applied to Sir William Harcourt for police protection for Parnell and himself under circumstances which precluded all possibility of Mrs. O'Shea's knowing anything about it in advance. Nor did Parnell himself know. Yet Miss Haslip attributes the initiative and responsibility for the application to Mrs. O'Shea.

HENRY HARRISON.

CHARACTERS OF THE REFORMATION, by Hilaire Belloc. *Sheed & Ward.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

MR. BELLOC'S point-of-view is by now sufficiently well known for any reader to make the necessary allowances, but it is difficult to see what useful purpose can be served by this piece of propagandist re-hash. It consists of twenty-three short chapters, each devoted to an outstanding figure in the religious struggles of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. The publishers state that "Belloc's greatest gift is historical portraiture." With this, few who admired Belloc in his earlier days will be disposed to quarrel. Yet there is very little portraiture here.

In the chapter on James I, for example, there is not even an attempt at it. Instead there is an assessment of the chances of Catholicism during James's reign, which contains extraordinary statements—such as that about half the population of England in 1603 "were fully Catholic in tradition—practising when they could or, when they could not, demanding the Mass and the full functioning of the old religion"—for which one would like some more weighty evidence than Mr. Belloc's word. It

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contains no reference to the Jesuit activity of the time, in spite of the fact that Father David Mathew (who is hardly biased in favour of Protestantism) has recently written: "In any discussion of Catholicism in England it is essential not to shirk the question of the profound unpopularity of the Jesuits."

This sentence appears in the chapter "Catholicism under James I" of Father Mathew's *Catholicism in England*, which ought to be read side by side with Mr. Belloc, if the latter's unreliability as an historian is to be appreciated. One wonders, indeed, whether Mr. Belloc is not a source rather of embarrassment to the serious historians of his own religion than of amused irritation to his opponents.

The chapter on "Mary Stuart," informs us: "Mary was regarded by the general opinion of the time as the woman who ought by right to be Queen of England." "The general opinion of the time" may, of course, mean many things, but this was most certainly not the general opinion of England.

And, of course, the evils of nationalism today are attributed to the Reformation. But we have heard all that before, and are a little tired of simplifications which are so patently falsifications. If only Mr. Belloc would forsake controversial "history" and give us once more a taste of the great writer he is!

H. Ross Williamson.

THE ARYAN PATH

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ONCE YOUR ENEMY, by Heinrich Hauser. *Methuen.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

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The autobiographical-adventure book is becoming almost as popular as the thriller. Journeys are undertaken, curious feats performed, experiences sifted, and the resultant books all written from what journalists call a "personal angle." The appeal, like that of the thriller, lies in the remoteness of what is described from the reader's own life. He, living quietly and law-abidingly, loves to know that others live turbulently; faithful to, though perhaps sometimes tired of his wife, he finds adventurous promiscuity distracting; tramping no farther afield than Dorking or the Lakes, he enjoys his tramps the more because, say, Mr. Peter Fleming has tramped from China to India, and, bewildered in a bewildering world, has a naïve faith that journalists who have interviewed Hitler and been received by King Carol can enlarge his understanding. Autobiographies have always been popular, and so has adventure literature; autobiographical-adventurous combines the verisimilitude of the one with the excitement of the other, as though the story of Dick Turpin should be told in *Manchester Guardian* leaders.

There is a wide range of possibilities, since it is possible to walk, hop, run, bicycle, motor, fly and canter round the world, while five continents and oceans provide a great variety of terrain, and each kind of personality has its own tale to tell. Thus Miss Gretchen Green is of the idealistic, help-lame-dogs-over-a-stile sort. She starts in Alabama, proceeds to Philadelphia, and thence to Idaho, Morocco, and, in response to a telegram

—"Work ready in India. Dorothy Straight"—India. In India she spends most of her time at Santiniketan, and, unlike most visitors there, still retains an inordinate admiration for Tagore.

Herr Heinrich Hauser is a very different cup of tea. It is difficult to think of a single point on which he and Miss Green would see eye to eye. The son of a Prussian land-owner and doctor, he loves fighting and discipline, and has the characteristic mentality of the Fascist or National-Socialist—that is, as great a detestation of Capitalism as a social system, and of the bourgeois cautions it engenders as any Communist, but the revolutionary enthusiasm arising out of this detestation nationally instead of internationally focused. Returning to Germany after exciting years of wandering he attends a great Nazi demonstration, hears "the voice which the vast assembly had gathered to hear. It was the voice of a superman. The words surged over the crowd like storm gusts. . . . It had the same power as the voices of the Old Testament prophets who spoke from mountain tops and quickened the hearts of a whole people. . . . Perhaps we did not understand much of the harangue but we felt the emotion behind it, for it was an emotion that came from ourselves. We were the overcharged storm-cloud and the words were the lightning whereby the tension was released." His own impulse was "to resist the pull of the mass, to refuse to merge himself with it." He did not, however, give way to this impulse. The Totalitarian Spirit worked in him, and he came to see that he "did not stand alone" but was a cell within that "living organism which is the people. . . . And it made no difference whether he was so willingly or not."

Dr. Thomas Wood is an eminently

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law-abiding adventurer. The long list of those to whom he acknowledges indebtedness in the introduction to *True Thomas* includes the Poet Laureate, the Editor of *The Times* and numerous Oxford dons. "Sound men," he says of his Oxford friends, and soundness is the prevailing quality in his own personality and attitude of mind. After serving in the Merchant Service, he went up to Oxford just before the War, and in a mood to take to it all—from the enormous fun of putting a "domestic utensil" on the Martyrs' Memorial to "Greatness in Flower walking about in black-gowned dignity" and "Greatness in Bud"—like a duck to water. The second half of *True Thomas* is devoted to Music and the Supernatural, and contains an interesting analysis of Dr. Wood's own state of mind when he is composing and the technique he employs.

Gold Fever deals with gold mining in Johannesburg twenty-five years ago when Mr. Nesbitt took a post-graduate course in mining there. It gives a vivid and terrible picture of unbridled rapacity—

> Such was the frenzy produced by the gold fever that whenever it became necessary to stop one of the machines for any reason, the minutes of its idleness were impatiently counted and registered. Rhythmic delirium degenerated into thwarted and excited delirium, and so remained until such time as the machine had once more resumed its labour—

of a dusty town whose only industry is to produce the gold that others work for and often die for, ceaselessly sifting out earth for particles of the precious metal and heaping up the resultant debris to be scattered by the wind. Yet, Mr. Nesbitt shows, even in these circumstances, pursued by suspicion, almost certain to die horribly of phthisis, shadowed by Zulu police and White detectives, men can be happy and charming.

In *Sailing Troubadour*, Mrs. Klitgaard unpretentiously and pleasantly describes a voyage she and her husband undertook to "sing their way through Europe." They were dependent on what Mr. Klitgaard earned with his singing for getting along, and, despite some difficult times, managed fairly well, thanks to the great courage and resourcefulness of both of them. Their boat, *Talofa*, was a converted naval pinnace, built in 1917, and they handled it themselves.

MALCOLM MUGGERIDGE.

MATTER, SPIRIT AND LIVING INTELLECT, by Diciarchos Carneades. *Simpkin Marshall.* 15*s.*

THE author of this book is announced in the foreword, by Mr. E. Stephen, as a compatriot of Plato and Aristotle who "may fairly be said to have continued the tradition of his illustrious ancestors." We are further assured that "his deep knowledge of European philosophy, including contemporary German philosophy, cannot pass unnoticed; a glance at the voluminous bibliography in which the titles of at least 1,000 works are mentioned will be enough to convince the most doubtful." Certainly German names seem to preponderate in the bibliography, and the extent of the author's acquaintance with contemporary German philosophy (strictly contemporary) may perhaps be gauged from his remarks about race, "The Germanic race with its various branches is a daughter of the noble Aryan race, and a sister of the Indian, Persian, Greek, Roman, Celtic and Slavonic races. But through its geographical position and its ideal anthropological nature it possesses an overwhelming superiority over other races." The remainder of the book seems to be largely variations on the theme of the Athanasian creed, without its dignity of language.

A. W.

UNDER MOSCOW SKIES, By Maurice Hindus. *Gollancz.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

THE GENTLEMAN OF THE PARTY, by A. G. Street. *Faber,* 7*s.* 6*d.*

SHERSTON'S PROGRESS, by Siegfried Sassoon. *Faber.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

READING this long and rich book by Mr. Hindus, in which the panorama of modern Moscow, specifically 1929-30, is described fully and faithfully, there comes into one's mind the echo of Irina's continual cry in *Three Sisters*: "Oh, to go to Moscow, to Moscow." So much water has flowed beneath the bridge since the days of the old régime when Moscow spelt life, gaiety and romance that Irina would have been as baffled as her modern prototype, Yelena, in this book is baffled. Yelena is the daughter of a *kulak* or bourgeois, and so debarred, unless she renounces her father, from work in the Soviet organizations. Beautiful, high-spirited and unstable, she will not submit, nor marry her Bolshevik lover, but runs desperately from one man to another, tasting eagerly the luxury which the Grand Hotel provides for visiting foreigners. Her father and mother stubborn to the last go into exile rather than reveal to the G.P.U. the whereabouts of their valuables; the tragic drunkard, Volodya, commits suicide when the militiaman enters to throw his Christian brother and his wife out of their little room, for these are the irreconcilables as much as are the Russian exiles in Paris.

Their stories are just a few of the interwoven narratives which go to make this story of the American journalist, Bernard, and his love for Anna, who leaves her Bolshevist husband for his sake, but finds in the end that she cannot leave Russia and its struggle. It is a lengthy book: it is indeed too lengthy. Mr. Hindus reports conversations over exactly; there is from the point of view of the novel as a work of art too much journalistic description, making for less sharpness of outline. And finally there is a bias in favour of "this brave new world." It is not a very apparent bias; one step back would have made for complete artistic detachment, but it is there just sufficiently to show as a flaw in a work which is the creation of such an immense diversity of characters and divergent points of view. At the same time, this is certainly the most fully flavoured and important book dealing with the tremendous Soviet experiment which has come my way.

At the very opposite pole from its clash, fury and loquaciousness is *The Gentleman of the Party.* Whereas Mr. Hindus is urgently moved by the promise, the power and the glory of the machine, Mr. Street gives us in effect a

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eulogy of "the certain things." His book can hardly be called a novel. It is the record of the fortunes of a big Wiltshire farm, its good times and its bad times under varying owners from 1872 to the present day. The drama is not the human drama, but of the rotation of the crops, and the conflicting claims of cattle, sheep, corn, and shooting drives. And George Simmons, whom we meet as a small boy scaring rooks for a shilling a week, and leave as a contented old man is the gentleman of the party: "Everybody except old George Simmons had wanted more out of the land than they put into it; and many of them had forgotten to keep faith with the good earth which rewarded them so generously. Of all the party the old dairyman had always been the most contented. Yet he had given the most and received the least." Not an exciting book; the pace is indeed pedestrian to an excess for all but the countryman; but an honest and informative book from one who loves the land, and a worthy testimonial to the English farm labourer.

Mr. Sassoon has given us a further account of George Sherston who, on formally protesting against the continuance of the war, was confined to a shell-shock hospital. The present book tells us of the rehabilitation of Sherston through the influence of Rivers, the psychologist, and his return to the war zone, first in Egypt and then in France by way of Limerick, and hunts with the Limerick hounds. The Irish scene, with its strong Somerville and Ross flavour, I found to be the most vivid in the book. Otherwise for all their sincerity and sensitiveness these personal ruminations make for a book which takes on the somewhat shadowy and remote hue of the subjective mind which remakes all experience in its own image. Which will, of course, be for many its particular charm.

NORAH HOULT.

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OUR CONTRIBUTORS

Edward Hallett Carr is to FORTNIGHTLY readers a new writer on foreign affairs, though as a reviewer his name will be familiar. His article on the League is the fruit of much practical experience, for he has been Assistant Adviser on League of Nations Affairs at the Foreign Office, and has frequently been the spokesman of the British Government on the Geneva commissions. His recent retirement from the Foreign Office to take up a professorship of international politics in the University of Wales now enables him to devote more time to writing. He has published a book on Dostoevsky which ranks as the best English work on that author, besides some studies of Marx and other revolutionaries.

Dr. L. P. Jacks, who began his career as an assistant to Stopford Brooke half a century ago, is editor of the *Hibbert Journal,* and was for many years Principal of Manchester College, Oxford. Though his life has been concerned mostly with education and philosophy, his published writings and his present article are evidence of the keen interest he has always taken in public affairs.

Before the Hitler regime **F. A. Voigt** was the *Manchester Guardian's* correspondent in Berlin. He has since been the paper's diplomatic correspondent in London, and often broadcasts on foreign affairs.

William C. Atkinson, who is a professor of Spanish at Glasgow University, George Glasgow, Dr. Harry Roberts, Willard Price, and several other contributors to this month's issue have written comparatively recently in the FORTNIGHTLY, and need no further introduction.

Sean O'Casey has written his own miniature biography, which is so characteristic that it deserves quotation:

"Born in Dublin. Started to educate himself at the age of fifteen. Is still hard at it. Began work in a chandlery and ironmongery stores as soon as the law allowed (14 years old); worked from 7.30 till 7 for four shillings a week. Next job in a newspaper and periodical wholesalers; worked from 4 a.m. to 7 p.m. for nine shillings a week. Stuck it for a year. Still remembers it. The head of the firm always presided over meetings held by General Booth in Dublin. First gift from God: a second-hand copy of the Globe Edition of Shakespeare's works picked up for a bob. Started to write about Irish Nationalism at the age of 30. Later started to write plays. Author of *Shadow of a Gunman, Juno and the Paycock, Plough and the Stars, The Silver Tassie,* and *Within The Gates.* Hopes to have another written before the world ends."

Dilwyn John was for many years a member of the scientific staff of the "Discovery" Investigations, and has spent a number of years in the Antarctic.

Ellis Roberts, who writes in the book section, is one of the best-known practitioners of the literary life, and has at various times been literary editor of the *New Statesman and Nation, Time and Tide,* and *Life and Letters.* Of **Robert Bernays** one may note in passing that since he last appeared in these pages he has formally renounced his Parliamentary status as an independent Liberal and joined the Simonite supporters of the Government.